SAVE £1,000 IN RENT.

By a simple system of instalment payments, you can purchase your own house for less than you now pay in rent, and save many hundreds of pounds.

Write for Booklet free from M.G./J.B.,

CITY LIFE Assurance Co. Ltd.
(M. Gregory, Gen. Manager)
6, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, E.C.2.

A Good Investment, the "J.B." Pen Coupon on page 10.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 641. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

AT THE FRONT.

"CAVANDER'S

Army Club"

CIGARETTES

Sold by the leading Tobacconists and to all the Canteens

20 for 1/1 50 for 2/8

"JUST RIGHT"

There is nothing better than a good cup of coffee as a preparation for [illegible] serve Milkmaid Café au Lait for breakfast, and your family will tell you that it is "just right." Its delicious and aromatic flavour, its stimulating and sustaining qualities make it an ideal beverage.

MILKMAID CAFÉ AU LAIT

Made in the true Continental fashion from fine, fresh-ground coffee, with rich dairy milk and refined sugar added in exactly the right proportions — easy to prepare — only requires the addition of boiling water. Economical, too. Try a tin to-day, but be sure you get the genuine Milkmaid Café au Lait.

Cash Price — 6½d., 1/-, 1/11½

Packed in England by the well-known firm of Nestlé, and sold by all Grocers and Stores.

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SUCCESS!

During the 13 weeks in which THE

National News

has been owned by Odhams Ltd., (the Publishers of JOHN BULL), it has gained an average of

10,000 NEW READERS EVERY WEEK.

Order your copy now of the ONLY **PENNY SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.**

		COPIES.
June	2	22,747
,,	9	86,543
,,	16	87,515
,,	23	81,748
,,	30	81,661
July	7	88,177
,,	14	96,370
,,	21	104,071
,,	28	111,888
Aug.	4	123,407
,,	11	133,733
,,	18	143,088
,,	25	148,120
Sept.	1	157,428

NET CIRCULATION certified by FRANKLIN WILD & Co., *Chartered Accountants.*

AND STILL GROWING.

Nervous Breakdown

Never, during the whole twenty-five years that Hall's Wine has been before the public, has it worked greater wonders than in these days of war. Men or women torn by anxiety, worn out by overwork, weakened by illness have found Hall's Wine of marvellous benefit.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

"I had a nervous breakdown," writes a patient; "I tried a course of Hall's Wine and owe my life to it." As our agents are occasionally out of stock, arrangements have been made to meet urgent cases where doctors prescribe Hall's Wine.

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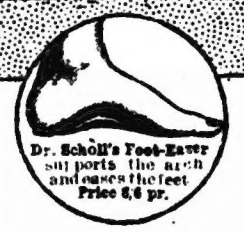

FOOT COMFORT ASSURED!

If you have tired, aching feet, and are unable to stand or walk comfortably for any length of time—if you suffer from flat foot, cramped toes, and other foot troubles, it is a sign of muscular and nervous strain.

Dr Scholl's FOOT-EAZER

SUPPORTS THE BODY'S WEIGHT

at the arch, thus removing all strain. It is the most scientific device ever invented for aching feet, and gives instant and permanent relief. Can be worn in the most stylish shoe with absolute comfort.

For men and women. Price 8/6 per pair.

Write for copy of Dr. Scholl's "Foot Book" and name of nearest Scholl Expert Agent.

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British Short Feet

"De Reszke" Space-Savers

"De Reszke" CIGARETTES

The Aristocrat of

"De Reszke" *American* Cigarettes have won the whole-hearted admiration of many notable men and women. The following* is a representative selection of the many opinions given :—

Robert Radford, Esq. (Principal Basso, Beecham Opera Company) writes: "I find the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes easily the finest on the market. Their flavour is distinctive and delicate (a rare thing in a Virginia cigarette), and they have never harmed my throat in the least degree."

Miss Lily Brayton writes: "I find 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes most delightful. I shall certainly continue to smoke them."

* *Other opinions in other "De Reszke" advts.*

Sold Everywhere

TINT YOUR GREY HAIR

the proper natural colour with

SHADEINE

The universal favourite. It is instantaneous, permanent and harmless. Always reliable. No unnatural tints. Trial bottle 8d., post 10d., 1/4 size 1/7; 2/6 size 3/10.

Of all Chemists, or direct from The Shadeine Co., Dept. J.B. 56, Westbourne Grove, London W.

A Critical Decision Revealed

Britain's Sacrifice for Liberty

It was a moment of grave peril. The British Army was in danger of being driven into the sea. The Germans had almost separated the British and French Armies. The French coalfields were overrun. Would the next push get through? Could the Allied Armies stand the strain till American help arrived?

The Supreme Army Commanders saw the only way to save the situation. They had to take the men. They had to take the coal. 75,000 more Miners were called to the colours. Our winter coal reserves were sacrificed to save the Armies and to bring the Americans to the front.

That decision, grave as it was, has been [illegible]didly justified. A dangerous retre[illegible] been turned into a glorious advance. The Americans are pouring over[illegible] Victory is on the way.

The saving of the Armies has meant a shortage of coal. Still [illegible] is required. Discomfort is [illegible]. Everyone must use less [illegible] more coal saved the greater [illegible] to defeat the enemy.

How to Save COAL

Order your coal **now** if you can store it.

Mix (up to) one third coke with it.

Use fire bricks, or have a false bottom fitted.

Don't start a fire till the cold weather sets in.

Never mend a fire late at night. Rake out the fire when you go to bed.

Cook fewer hot meals.

Never use gas for cooking when the kitchen fire is alight, but don't **light** the kitchen fire when you can use gas.

See that all kettles and saucepans are free from soot.

Take fewer hot baths.

Only use one light when one will serve. Stop lights in halls and passages.

Issued by the Coal Mines Dept. of the Board of Trade, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

B.T. 3.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Linoleum, Carpets, Frames, Folding Cots, Cycles, Tyres, Tea and Dinner Services, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Poultry Appliances, etc.

EASY J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD **TERMS**

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 641. Week ending Saturday, September 14th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

An American Vow.

This is what a Devonshire reader saw, written up on a hut at one of the large American Camps: "Heaven, Hell or New York by Xmas, 1918." What about "over by Christmas" now?

Verboten.

Apropos of the rumours of impending revolution in Germany, do you remember that biting remark of Heine's—"There will never be any revolution in Germany, *because such things are forbidden*"?

Our Way—

"If their pay were reduced, they would probably refuse to do the work they are doing." Thus Sir George Cave, the Home Secretary, on our German prisoners! Really, he is the limit.

The German Way.

Here is the German Regulation: "All prisoners are obliged to work every Sunday included, from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m. *The Commandant reserves the right to punish lazy men with twenty lashes daily.*" When will Ministers wake up?

A Bad Appointment.

The general concensus of opinion amongst people who should know is that the Government have made a mistake in putting General Macready at the head of the Metropolitan Police.

Insulting the Force.

Speaking of the police, by the way, the new Commissioner would do well to abrogate the vexatious Regulation under which, once a month, the men have to parade and produce their rent-books, and to explain any arrears—a degrading interference with the private affairs of the Force.

Fastidious.

The Countess of Leitrim is appealing for ladies to undertake work in Church Army Recreation Huts—but they "must be communicants of the Church of England." Quite right. Tommy is very particular about these things! And, of course, no non-communicant may send money.

Irish "Government"!

Have you heard the story of Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington? Here it is. Before leaving New York she was told that she would not be allowed to land in Ireland, but she gave the authorities the slip and got there. She was arrested, went on hunger strike, was removed to Holloway—released, and given a Permit to proceed to Dublin! That is the "Shortt" story.

"A" Strikers' Battalion."

This is the suggestion of a lad in the trenches, who asks his dad to "write to JOHN BULL about it"—which he has done. An excellent idea.

A Blackpool Blunder.

Who was responsible for the commandeering and purchase of the Imperial Hotel at Blackpool for neurasthenic cases—to find it closed down the moment the doctors came on the scene?

British Juries.

We are glad to see the general Press taking up our protest against aliens being allowed to sit on "British" juries. We are entitled to be tried by our peers—not by Huns.

The Difference.

The other day six soldiers, under arrest as absentees, passed the house of one of our leaders—guarded by three military policemen. Yet Hun prisoners are allowed to roam about at will!

An Election Barometer.

You must watch the Prime Minister very closely when Parliament reassembles. It will be a period of window-dressing in preparation for the Election—and everybody with a vote will be able to get what he asks for.

Dizzy's Epigram.

To how many politicians of the present day could we apply Disraeli's description of Lord Montagu—"Sterile in counsel, useless in debate, and an eunuch in opportunity"? Why are there no Dizzies to-day?

Blasphemy.

What do you think of allowing Hun prisoners to attend divine service in English Churches? Some of them were actually present at the Intercession Services recently held by Command of the King! Does His Majesty know this?

"Northcliffe."

Under this title, with the subsidiary one of "Britain's Man of Power," the Dodge Publicity Company, of New York, are publishing "an authoritative" biography of our distinguished brother. We don't like the name of the publishers!

A Leaderless Democracy.

Our contemporary, *Everyman* (no relation to *Everywoman's—the* paper for the ladies) considers it pathetic that the people should be groping for a leader—"and thinking one moment that it has found its saviour in Mr. Bottomley, and the next moment in Mr. Hughes." Better work together!

"Star and Garter" Hospital.

Things are not well here. The food is totally insufficient—perhaps Sir Frederick Treves can confirm this—and most of the Orderlies are "Conchies"—which is an insult to the patients.

That JOHN BULL Pen.

Here is "Mr Rambler," in the *Daily Mirror* of Friday last week: "Yesterday, in a Government Department, I spoke to a man who has used the same pen nib since July, 1914." Need we say what pen it was?

A Malvernian Matter.

Ever been to the Old Priory Church at Malvern? If so, have you noticed that stained glass window—of Queen Victoria and a family group, with the Kaiser in bold relief? Away with it, Malvernians!

"Schomberg House."

We once owned a famous racehorse named Count Schomberg—but we don't like the name of Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, as the address to which Princess Christian asks that soldiers' comforts shall be forwarded

Windsor Forest Workers.

In our issue dated August 31st, we drew attention to the poor pay of the woodcutters in the Royal forest. On the day following the appearance of the paragraph, an extra 1½d. an hour was granted to the men—for which they thank us. Don't mention it.

That £10,000.

Apropos of the appeal of the *Daily Mail* for ideas as to the best way to dispose of that £10,000 which it has on its hands, *Cassell's Saturday Journal* suggests that it should be spent on a monument to "Mr. Bottomley, the strong, silent man." "Silent man" is good.

A Dickens of a Show.

We refer to the big function which comes off on Tuesday, the 17th—the "Dickens Fair," at the Botanical Gardens, in aid of the Dickens' Home for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers, to be established at St. Leonard's-on-Sea. It is to be a wonderful affair, and you shouldn't miss it.

In Wig at Last!

By the way, we note that we are announced for the rôle of Sergeant Buzfuz in a special production, at this Fair, of "Bardell *v.* Pickwick"; but up to the time of going to press we had not received our brief. And if we *do* appear, however short a time the case lasts, we shall require a "refresher."

The Sergeant's Suicide.

We are still waiting to learn that a Court of Inquiry is to be held into the circumstances surrounding the suicide of Sergt. G. W. Bridge, and the treatment he received at the hands of his C.O., Lieut.-Colonel Guy.

Chosen.

Our bosom heaves proudly and our cheeks blush joyously as we read the following epistle addressed to us, signed "Americanos":—"Sir,—We have chosen you, as you are the only guy in this goldarned country that has any hoss sense. Sir, you are It. May 1920 see you Prime Minister of England, excluding Ireland." So far, so lovely; but when it is added, "May your shadow never be less," the compliment is more dubious, and prospect less alluring. For what do our American friends think we take the waters?

A "Miss" Take.

We are glad that the Kingsland (Leominster) Red Cross Carnival Procession was such a financial success, but we wish the Committee, in communicating the results to the Press, had not thought it necessary to distinguish between the young ladies who sustained various characters, describing some with the polite prefix of "Miss," and others by a bald initial. If, as we are informed, so-called "social" position was the basis of this distinction, it was an unpleasant and irritating piece of snobbery—which it is to be hoped may not be repeated.

High Prices and Starvation Pensions.

When is the Chancellor of the Exchequer going to awaken to the fact that, with the present high prices, many Old Age pensioners are nearly starving? Of course, if our right hon. friend wants to kill 'em off wholesale to save expense, he will continue the pension at the present rate of 7s. 6d. a week—a pension which he could not live on himself if he tried to, and which, at his present rate of consumption, would not keep him even in pipe weed and flors de Habana. The old folks ought to have another half-a-crown a week at the very least.

A Ferocious Farmer.

We suggest to Farmer Joseph Williams, of Hucclecote, Gloucestershire, that when next he suspects a chance wayfarer of picking mushrooms in his field, he should behave less like a Bashi-Bazouk and more like a rational Englishman. The victim last time was a defenceless woman, who, in the course of a scuffle, had her eye-glasses broken and her bag snatched from her hand, only to show that it contained not a single mushroom. At the County Police Court the Magistrates held that "a technical offence had been committed," and fined the defendant 5s. A second escapade of the sort should be more costly.

A Boot Boycott.

The Boot and Shoe Trade Union seem to have behaved very scurvily to one of their former members, F. E. Hart, of New Catton, Norwich, late of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. For six years before he voluntarily joined the Army he was a member of the Union. After fighting three years and a half, he was discharged minus a leg and a shoulder-blade. When he went to his trade union for out-of-work pay, they told him he was put out of the trade, as he had not been "forced to join the Army." Hart can at least take this moral consolation to himself: He has a leg to stand on; his trade union hasn't.

Another Bonus Wanted.

When are the Metropolitan Water Board going to give the men on guard at their reservoir filters a living wage? They have to do 77 hours a week, in all weathers and at all times, for 32s., plus 20s. war bonus—a pittance at which an ordinary labourer would scoff.

A Lucky Lawyer.

A solicitor, named Trevanion, in Grade 2, applied at the Revision Court at Poole to be exempted from joining the Volunteers. The grounds put forward were that he does ten hours' work weekly for the Dorset Guild, in addition to some correspondence done by his staff. Being a limb of the law, his excuse was accepted, and he need not drill. Anybody else claiming to do special work one-hour-and-a-half per day would probably be laughed at.

Working a Wheeze.

When a genuine one-man-business man has to go, the fortunes of his neighbours naturally interest him. That is why we hear this from a Hampshire town. A house-furnisher pleaded to the Tribunal that his business could not exist without him, his wife not being capable of the work. He told the tale well, and secured a "temporary." On that, he edged into munitions at Portsmouth, travels thither daily, and his business is carried on all serene by his "incapable" wife and one girl. That is one way of working it.

Same Old Game.

Not having any relatives, a certain Stockwell man thought it his duty to provide for his funeral—so in 1897 he took up a policy from an Insurance Company at 4d. a week. The rest of the story is in his own words:—"The sum assured was £11 13s. Being incapacitated at 72 from locomotor ataxy, I applied to them for a paid-up policy, having paid them altogether £19 16s., besides what they have derived, a considerable sum, from compound interest. They sent down and offered me a paid-up policy for £5—not cash, mind you." No wonder the Company grows fat.

A Harsh Refusal.

A Brightonian born and bred, and a lifelong resident, Mr. J. M. Kottaun, lately applied to the Watch Committee for permission to play cornet solos on the Beach, having no other means of livelihood. Habitués of the South Coast resort may remember the old cornetist, who in the past was frequently engaged at the Aquarium, and on the West and Palace Piers. It seems a pity that the poor old fellow's request for a stand on the Beach should have been refused, especially as there appears to be no absolute rule against such performances. Perhaps Sir William Gentle will look into the matter again.

Flax-Pulling and Leg-Pulling.

Who is responsible for pulling the legs of the feminine flax-pullers employed in the Saltmarsh district? It is most improper. Our information is that these women "signed a paper at a Hull Labour Exchange for 30s. a week, but that after a week's hard labour, boiling in the sun all day," they are paid only 24s. "The manager will give us a piece of ground 22-yards across, but the whole length of a large field, and when we get it done he says we have only earned the matter of 4s. a day." The boy flax-pullers, whose grievances we have taken up, do not seem to be alone in their complaints.

Pennies in the Slot.

Some day an enterprising litigant will prosecute the proprietors of slot-machines who obtain money for nothing. At Nuneaton Station one night five soldiers severally placed a penny in a name-stamping machine, the result in each case being *nil*. It is a shame so to "soak" them for their hard-won coppers.

A Real Scandal.

May we once more draw the attention of the Home Secretary to the fact that a Germhun named Vorwerk, interned at Knockaloe Camp, Isle of Man, is still permitted regularly to send money to a woman at Peebles with whom during his former residence there he contracted an irregular intimacy, while he contributes not a penny towards the support of his English wife, who is compelled to work hard for her living? It is time this scandal was ended.

A Monstrous Advertisement.

Advertisements like the following should be banned:—"For Sale, good Street Piano Organ on truck, plays 10 good tunes, splendid living for discharged soldier; will sacrifice same for £6.—Harvey, Gorringe, Mitcham." If Mr. Harvey, of Gorringe Park, Mitcham, thinks that going around with a street organ is a suitable way for a discharged soldier to earn his living, he has chosen an excellent method of advertising an opinion which is seldom so frankly expressed.

One to the Profiteers.

Just as it was proverbially easy to drive "a coach and four" through the old-fashioned Act of Parliament, so many of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, especially the Food Control Orders, lend themselves to evasion. It is now stated, for instance, that under the Sugar Confectionery Order the fixed price of 4s. per lb. for chocolates is not intended to include the package, and at Folkestone a confectioner who sold less than a pound of chocolates in a fancy box for 5s. 6d. was held not to have acted illegally. So where are we now?

Order of the Day.

"It is regretted that the instructions which have been received do not permit special leave being granted for the purpose of marriage, unless the lady is about to become a mother." Such, according to a lady who indignantly writes to us, is the reply received by her lover, a soldier in France, who applied for leave to marry her. It confirms information we had already received. Not unnaturally, this lady regards the regulation as "shocking every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour." And it also puts a premium upon wrong-doing.

Who Strikes Next?

Is the Government thoroughly and at last alive to the possibility that they will have to face other strikes, not less serious than that of the police? If so, what arrangements have they made to soothe the horse before it kicks? There is a great deal of unrest in the Post Office service, for one thing. Mr. Lloyd George's parliamentary majority will probably get a bad shaking at the General Election if one of these mornings the public wake to find that the Postmaster-General has been left to carry on business all on his lonesome. There ought to be a strong, tactful Public Department able to sniff a wages row and settle it before it gets out of hand. For this purpose the Labour Ministry doesn't appear to be worth an Assouan.

The "No Change" Dodge.

In a Bedfordshire town (for the moment we will not be more precise) a soldier, visiting the Picture Palace, tendered a shilling, and asked for a soldier's ticket at 8d., as announced. Said the money-taker, "No change"—a palpable untruth, as coppers were piled on the table. This particular soldier went out and got change, but he assures us many others are victimised. If that manager does not mend his ways, we shall name him.

A Living Wage.

It appears that the carters in the employ of the Dunoon Burgh Cleansing Department have not been successful in their strike for a wage of £2 a week. On the merits, however, this sum seems the very least the men should be paid for a heavy week's work, their services after all being of vital public importance. Perhaps, on second thoughts, the Town Council may yield to justice what they were unwilling to concede to force.

Old Dogs and New Tricks.

"Having recently purchased a manufacturer's complete stock of razors as illustrated, we now, as an advertisement, offer these to our customers at the above exceptionally low price of 2s. 6d. each." The advertisers are no other than our old friends the Premium Watch Company, of South Lambeth Road, S.W. If their past record is any criterion, the Company might truthfully emphasise the "safety" principle of their razors by guaranteeing them not to cut.

The Real Offenders.

When will the authorities begin to understand that the ridiculous pampering of Hun prisoners-of-war is exciting universal indignation? To fine a nursemaid severely for throwing a packet of cigarettes into an Internment Camp is doubtless a salutary proceeding, but the worst offenders are ensconced in Whitehall, and they, of course, go scot free.

A "Striking" Illustration.

Writing from Queensferry, a girl worker informs us that she and thirty of her fellow-employees at a local distillery are out on strike for higher wages, their present earnings ranging from 13s. 3d. to 18s. 4d. a week. Yet when we are fobbed off with a thimbleful of discoloured water in the place of a drop of the best, we are told that the increased cost of labour is one of the factors in the price and scarcity of genuine whisky. Good luck to the girls, anyway.

Not Quite the Cheese.

Sometimes food is too much controlled. A grocer, whose customers had been starving for cheese, suddenly succeeded in obtaining a supply of the Government brand. There were two cheeses packed in one box, and they had been controlled so long that they had become quite uncontrollable—in other words, gone rotten. Cheese in store requires to be turned once a week and to have the mould brushed off. There is probably a lot more cheese going bad similarly; it should be "released" before it breaks out.

"A" Men in Home Office.

The Committee appointed to investigate the military position of Civil Servants reported that nine "A" men in the Home Office could be released for the Army. Seven of these were appealed for by the Home Office and exempted, and two were granted until December 1st. Officialdom may call this combing out; the proper name for it is combing-in.

The Slow Law.

The Board of Trade has expressed the hope that shipowners will now behave more generously to their officers and men taken prisoner by the enemy. In that hope we devoutly join, though the Board's reason for expressing it is quaint. It does so because "it has been laid down by law that their earning power is non-existent during internment." Ordinary sense, in advance of the law, long ago "laid it down" that a prisoned seaman could not be earning money for the owners.

An Incredible Suggestion.

Surely this complaint from the wife of a Dominion trooper must be founded upon a misapprehension: "I have applied for several positions in munition works," she writes, "but because my husband is a Colonial soldier, they don't seem to think I require work. I am at my wits' end to know what to do to get work, so that I may bring my money up to a living wage." There may, of course, be other considerations involved, but that any prejudice against Colonial wives, as such exists in the munition world, is difficult to believe.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

DEAR SIR ERIC,—Can you give me an assurance that in the Government dockyards all the skilled men engaged are in full employment? If so, I shall be in a position to contradict certain reports which have reached me, suggesting that these Departments are overstaffed, and the work so unevenly distributed as to leave some men idle for hours together, while others work double tides. JOHN BULL.

To Arnold White, Esq., Farnham Common.

MY DEAR "VANOC,"—Your story that on the day previous to the death of Lord Kitchener a cryptic telegram was sent from this country to Holland, announcing the place of departure of H.M.S. *Hampshire*, has greatly impressed me. I take it for granted that the facts on which it was based have been placed at the disposal of the authorities. Bit by bit, no doubt, we shall arrive at the truth of that irreparable disaster, and at the reasons which led the Government to burke the public demand for a full inquiry. Some of us have longer memories than Whitehall gives us credit for, eh?

JOHN BULL.

To Gilbert Morcton Dunn—Son of the Hatter.

DEAR INSECT,—You are one of six sons of Dunn the Hatter. Like your brothers, you prefer to shirk here at home in "Conscience" idleness while the best blood of the nation goes out to the Front to fight and die for you. You object to killing insects—your own breed; that I can understand. You would not strike a blow in defence of your father if he were attacked. That, too, I can understand—for a man who could rear five other insects like yourself is certainly not worth defending. But what I can't understand is that the Tribunal should have allowed your appeal. If I had my way, I would cover you with the insects the lads in the trenches detest, and leave you to fight it out with your kind. JOHN BULL.

To J. F. Bradford, Esq., Acting District Superintendent, London and North-Western Railway.

DEAR SUPER,—With due respect, I am unable to accept your contention that when a person desires to effect a small insurance on a box of luggage it is necessary to empty the contents on to the platform for inspection by your officials. The other day you supported the action of a Station Master who insisted on this performance, in the case of a trunk of lady's clothing. To say that you "reserve the right" of inspection in such cases is all very well, but the right should at any rate be exercised with a modicum of courtesy and discretion.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Military Tribunal, Battersea.

DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN,—No doubt there is a certain affection for Germhun bakers in Battersea, but I confess I do not see why it should be so ostentatiously expressed. For the moment I am referring to the case of master-baker Ziltz. Ziltz, born Hun, employed an Englishman named Tansley. Both of them held certificates of exemption until the other day, when one was taken and the other left—and the man left was the Germhun. In token of his gratitude, I think he should reward you with one large bun. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edwin Cornwall, M.P., Bart, Chairman, National Health Insurance Commissioners.

DEAR SIR EDWIN,—What about consumptive patients, for whom, despite lavish Ministerial promises, there is as yet no adequate provision of sanatorium treatment? There lies before me a most pathetic letter, from the father of a family, smitten with this dread disease, who, during weeks of weary waiting, sees his hopes of recovery receding, and is further harrowed by fear lest those around him should fall victims to the infection. Say what you will about war conditions, such a state of affairs is a scandal. It is for you to propound the remedy, and deserve that baronetcy. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon J. R. Clynes, M.P., Food Controller.

DEAR MR. CLYNES,—I suggest that the official responsible for the rationing of horses should be given leave and sent to school in a stable. He is as ignorant of his job as an elephant is of flying. The rations allowed to hard-working animals are insufficient in quantity, and often of quite an unsuitable kind. Unless there is a change of method, we are in for a big loss of "horse-power" during the winter.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Lynch, M.P., Irish Recruiting Officer.

DEAR COLONEL,—Whatever the outcome of your recruiting campaign, one cannot but admire the courage you have shown in standing up to the Sinn Fein rabble which has opposed your efforts at every turn. I fancy that, on the completion of your mission, you will be able to furnish the Government with a truer estimate of the Irish situation than any they are likely to obtain from "official" sources. In any case, you are already to be credited with many an honest effort at reconciliation. Carry on! JOHN BULL.

To Aldermen Sargeant and Colman, Justices, Hove.

GENTLEMEN,—Hove Magistrates are becoming notorious for their fatuity and futility in cases of cruelty to animals. In one, a man worked an old horse through the streets till it collapsed. Though all the evidence showed that the poor beast had been pitilessly worked to death, and a cruel death at that, the man was allowed, by you, Alderman Sargeant, to go his way without even a fine. In the second, the charge was the same, but here the ruffian had bought his pony—a beast 30 years old, lame and diseased—for £3 and 12 rabbits, and when the owner asked for time to pay a ridiculous mulct of 30s., he was assured by you, Alderman Colman, as Chairman, "We will give you a week, with pleasure." With such fools on the Bench it is obvious that cruelty to animals in Hove is an inexpensive sin. JOHN BULL.

A VICTIM TO THE TRUTH.

WOOLWICH FUNK HOLES AND A SCANDALOUS DISMISSAL.

YOU may tell the truth and shame the devil, but you cannot hope to shame the authorities. Take the case of Commander Horace W. Columb, R.N. (retired), as a glaring and, indeed, shameful instance of the way in which a man can be treated who, in the discharge of what he regards as a public duty, makes revelations which are distasteful to the authorities. One of the most discreditable examples of funk-holing—of the umbrella—or whatever you choose to call the methods of the shirker—is to be found at Woolwich Arsenal. Official denials cannot alter facts, and as Commander Columb worked in the Arsenal he was in the perilous position of knowing what he wrote about. And he wrote about it to the Chairman of the Shoreditch Tribunal, because he was angered by the knowledge that well-paid work which might have been given to men who had done their bit of fighting was going to men who were shirking their share of the work of the trenches. Here are some extracts from his letter :—

> I was invalided from the Navy in January, 1917, applied for work at the Arsenal, receiving an appointment as an assistant Foreman in the Filling Branch of the High Explosive Factory. By filling is meant the filling and completion of all natures of shell with various kinds of high explosive. The work of an assistant foreman is purely advising; it is highly paid and quite simple, can be learnt in a week or two, and is most eminently suitable for ex-Service men used to authority and the handling of men.

Naturally, Commander Columb was under the impression that Woolwich was "a haven for discharged men." But this is what he found:

> The total number of assistant foremen in a filling factory was 10. Of these eight were of military age, the eldest 35 and the youngest 23. Of these eight three were relatives of principal foremen, one a relative of the Controller, and the other had come in to avoid service. The remaining two comprised a man who had been in the Arsenal 35 years—47 years of age—and myself, 47 years of age, with 23 years' service in the Navy and two in the Army. In the other branches of the High Explosive the same kind of thing is in evidence; young men in easy positions, drawing probably over £7 a week, money that in their wildest dreams could not have been forthcoming.

That letter, written on July 18th, went on to assert that in the offices of bookkeepers and work takers, where the work is of the simplest description, and could be done by girls or boys just out of school, the same thing prevails. But while youngsters were getting their £7 a week, working men whose services were really indispensable had to go.

Of course, this indictment, coming from one who had resigned from the Arsenal because he refused to associate with the shirkers, caused a real flutter in the official dovecots. And now, after an interval of a month and a half wherein to concoct an answer, we are given the official reply from the Ministry of Munitions. Need we say that all that Commander Columb alleged is declared to be untrue, and with that curious twisty way of a Government department, denial is given to statements that were never made, while what was done in the way of engaging discharged soldiers in May and June is trumpeted forth, whereas Commander Columb had left the Arsenal long before that time. The denial that "considerable numbers of young men are being protected improperly from military service" is a wilful exaggeration of the charge. Precise facts and figures were given, and by those definite allegations Commander Columb was, and is, prepared to stand. He asked to be called before "any authority" to substantiate what he wrote. That suggestion, we need hardly say, was ignored. But so far as we are concerned, the Ministry may protest till it is black in the face. The scandal of Woolwich does not rest on the unsupported testimony of Commander Columb. For moons unnumbered we have been publishing statements to like effect from all classes of elder workers in the Arsenal. Score on score of letters from the inside, repeating the story over and over again, have reached us. It has been the puzzle of Tribunals and the confusion of Military Representatives since the first Conscription Act. It has been a general theme of disgust and indignation, and has led to protests and resignations by those who refused to send fathers to the front while the funking youngsters remained safe at home earning high wages.

But there is something worse behind this scandalous story. No sooner did that letter reach the Shoreditch Tribunal than, without making any inquiry into the truth or falsity of the statements, Commander Columb was ignominiously kicked out of his job in the Ministry of Munitions. He was doing useful and valuable work, earning £260 a year against the £400 he had sacrified rather than work in that nest of Cuthberts—the Arsenal. His immediate superiors could find no fault with him—they were aghast at the action of the Ministry. And so the scandal will go on—ruin to the truth-teller, safe funk-holes for men who ought to be taking their part in the glorious game of hitting back at the Hun. We challenge the authorities to a test. Let the Ministry of Munitions issue a return showing the age of every assistant foreman, his special qualifications on entering the Arsenal, how long he has been there, his age, what Tribunal exempted him, for what reasons, and what his medical grade. We are certain of this—that Mr. Churchill has been no party to the Woolwich funk-hole, nor to victimising a gallant fellow because he dared to tell the truth.

A PANORAMA OF JUSTICE.

ALNWICK MAGISTRATES AND "LEARNED CLERK."

"Five boys between 15 and 16 years of age, working at Shilbottle Colliery, were charged with stealing apples from a tree in a field near the new infirmary." So deponeth the veracious local reporter in a case which lately engaged the attention of the Justices. In the Chair was Col. R. Scott, a stout pillar of law and order, and a terror to evildoers. However, the case does not appear to have been a very serious one. While apples grow on trees in full view of the highway, boys will be boys, and little incidents of this sort will arise; moreover, there was a suggestion, with a show of evidence behind it, that the lads had been given permission to take apples from this particular orchard. In any case, there was no occasion for the severity displayed by Colonel Scott and his colleagues on the Alnwick Bench, who fined two of the boys £3 and the other three £2 each.

On the same day a much younger boy, charged with a similar offence, was fined £1—to the accompaniment of a spirited protest from his father, who argued, not without some cogency, that it would have been better if the policeman had warned the youngster off the forbidden ground, instead of waiting and watching until the felonious deed was done. By the way, we notice that in arriving at their decisions, which seldom err on the side of leniency, the Alnwick Justices still enjoy the assistance as acting Clerk of Mr. H. J. Percy, the able-bodied young solicitor whose loss to the Army is one of the minor tragedies of the war. We note further that this gentleman has just been given six months' additional exemption by the local Tribunal, although this time the National Service Representative intends to appeal. The case will be interesting. What's the betting?

CHEATING THE AGED.

HARSH FRIENDLY SOCIETY PRACTICE.

A recent "Candid Communication" to the General Secretary of the United Patriots' National Benefit Society has brought as a good deal of correspondence. In our note to the Secretary we instanced the hard case of an old fellow of 70, who, after 40 years' membership of the Society, had been brusquely informed that he would no longer be eligible for sickness benefit. The explanation of the matter is not far to seek. It appears that in 1915 the Society was in very low water, and on the advice of the Actuaries a Meeting of Delegates was called to consider the financial position. After some discussion, sustained principally by the younger elements, it was decided to lighten the ship by throwing overboard the older members, and a new rule to this effect was formally adopted. The effect on the old members, who had stood by the Society through good and evil times, was disastrous.

At a mere stroke they found themselves robbed of the result of a life-time's thrift, their vested interest in the Society's funds being treated as of no account. How unfairly this rule works in practice is shown by the case of a member approaching the age of seventy, who in the course of thirty-five years has paid nearly £100 in contributions, his drawings for sickness benefit during this period amounting to less than £5. Yet in a few months' time the guillotine will fall, and in spite of the balance of £95 standing to his credit in the Society's books, the member's claim to benefit will no longer be recognised. Such cases recall many similar scandals exposed in these columns, and serve to enforce our contention that such dishonest "reconstruction" of Friendly Societies should be made illegal.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

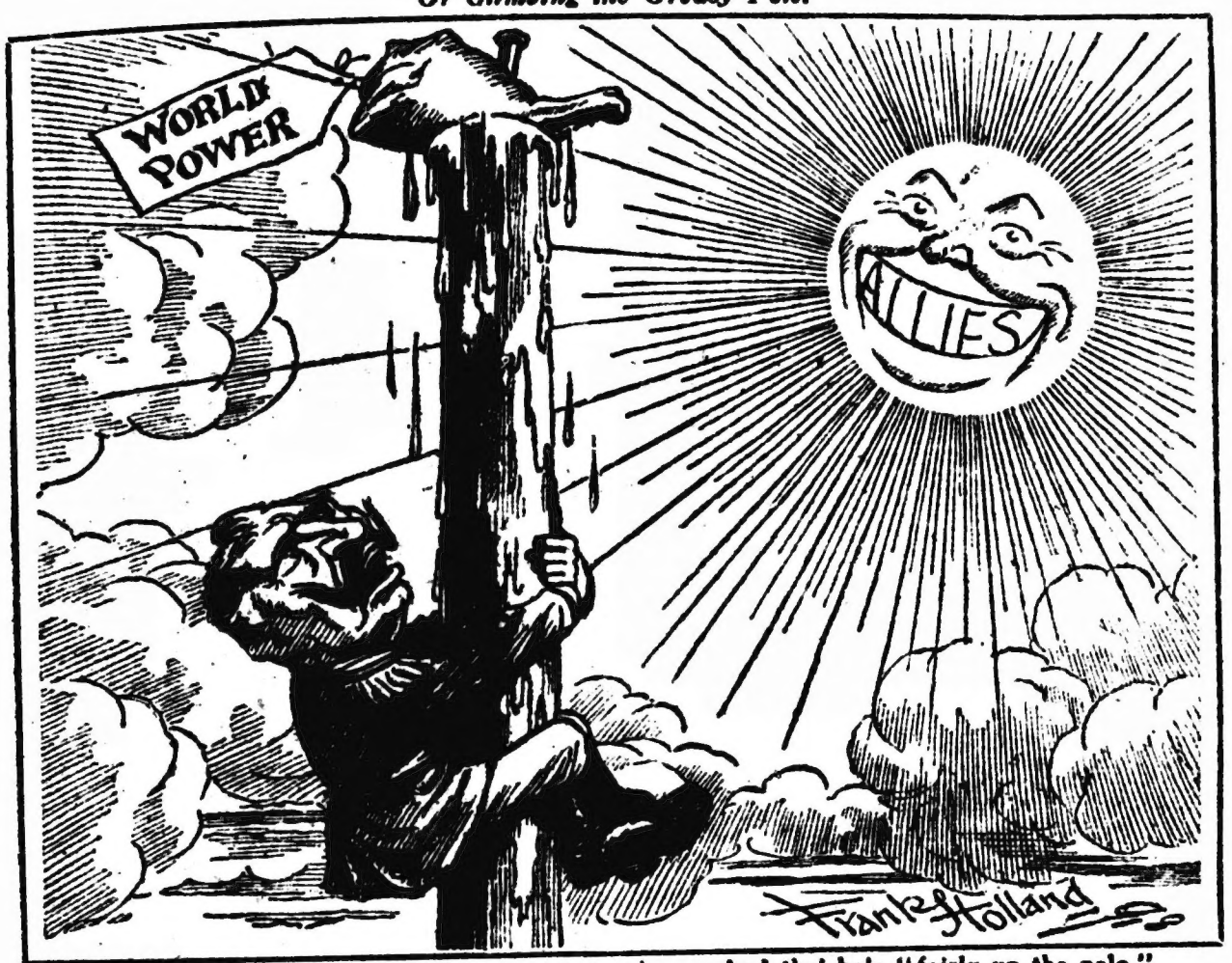
GRUDGING ASSISTANCE FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS

Here's mere common-sense to demand that the assistance given to discharged soldiers should be in a form calculated to help them along the road to an assured livelihood in some business or profession. Apparently this useful principle is sometimes lost sight of by the War Pensions' Committees—to whom have been entrusted the administration of the Sir John Leigh Fund, founded for the especial purpose of assisting such enterprises on the part of ex-soldiers. A discharged man who had patented a novel hair-cutting appliance applied to the Willesden Committee for a grant of £25, which would have enabled him to test the commercial value of his patent. However, this very reasonable request was promptly turned down, and even when the Pensions Minister had been appealed to, no more favourable reply was received. As an example of the working of the official mind, it is interesting to record that Mr. Ball, the Clerk to the Committee, actually wrote to the inventor that, in the opinion of the Ministry, "if a sum of money were awarded to you, it would lead you on to pursue what might be your ruin"!

In another case, at Bow, two discharged men had their eyes on a small greengrocery business which, on past figures, promised a good return, but the local Pensions Committee, with the Sir John Leigh Fund at their disposal, declined to assist the men in getting together the £200 required to purchase the business, except to the utterly inadequate extent of £25. Such niggardly and unsympathetic administration may easily defeat the excellent intentions of the Leigh bequest. By the way, are any accounts published showing the cases helped by this Fund, the capital of which is said to be £20,000?

"A PLACE IN THE SUN":

Or Climbing the Greasy Pole.



As Bill climbs hard, with hungry eyes,
The grease keeps dripping from the prize;

And tho' he's "fairly up the pole,"
He's slipping further from the goal.

A QUEER SUGAR CASE.

THREE TONS FOR A FOOD-CONTROLLER.

A strange story reaches us from Irving, in Ayrshire, where Mr. M. Lamont, Junr., a shopkeeper, is "Convener" of the Sugar Sub-Committee of the local Food Control. Though Lamont does not grow fruit, he put in to the Control for three tons of sugar. The Food Committee—on this occasion with Lamont "unable to be present"—shunted the application, doubtless among others, to Lamont's Sugar Sub-Committee. Lamont, according to himself, says he and another member, Mr. M'Kinlay, "discussed the applications," though M'Kinlay says he has "absolutely no knowledge" of these applications coming up. The Secretary, who took no minutes, sent the applications to London, and, to make everybody happy ever after, in due course an allocation was received granting applicants the full quantity for which they had applied.

It is curious that Lamont's application for the sugar should have got to its Sub-Committee without the Food Committee officially knowing anything about it—though it was "currently reported" in the town that Lamont was "going to make jam." There is point, therefore, in the question put by Mr. Mullin, a member of the Food Committee. "When," demanded he, "did Mr. Lamont become a manufacturer of jam?" Having got the sugar, Lamont was, of course, under necessity of finding a place to make the jam. His application looks like having been a speculation—or, shall we say, an intelligent anticipation of events? There is no evidence that he was growing fruit at the time; there *is* evidence that it is taking him all his time to get fruit now. "Wanted," he advertises, "all kinds of fruit; also rhubarb in large or small quantities.—M. Lamont, Irving." On the whole, although Lamont is one of them, the Food Committee may as well keep an eye on the complete and proper absorption of that three tons of sugar in jam manufacture.

PERTURBED PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICERS.

UNEASINESS OF UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL.

F. Seymour Cocks, the Secretary of the London Federation of the U.D.C., notwithstanding his name, appears to be in a far from crowing mood at the moment. He is circularising former misguided subscribers to the Union's funds with a quite pathetic request for "the continuance of the same"; from which we gather that the Pacifist geese are not laying quite so many golden eggs as formerly, and that in consequence the moving spirits of this sorry society are "getting the wind up."

A former subscriber to the "Union"—who has since come to his senses and is now "doing his bit"—sends us Cocks's latest effusion, dated August 10th. It runs:—

> About this time last year you very kindly sent us a subscription to our funds, and I am writing to ask whether you would be good enough to help us again. The position is grave. Recent political declarations look as though the policy of "the knock-out blow" has again been adopted by the powers that be, and that, unless this policy is changed, we must be prepared for another three years of war. The chief hope of changing this policy and saving Europe from the destruction another three years of war would entail, lies in the success of our views at the coming General Election, which, it is thought, will probably take place next November. In order to enable our policy to be put effectively before the people during the next three or four months I would appeal to you to make a special effort to help us now. We are appointing new organisers, and there is a great demand for our speakers from all over the country, but if we are to meet this demand, we need increased financial support. So I do hope you will be able to assist us again.

That there is "a great demand" for U.D.C. speakers all over the country is probably true. They are wanted to provide targets for patriots to shy at, and are likely to leave the field of their endeavours like Herr Ramsay von MacDonaldbacher—with their ear, or other facial members, in a sling. We are safe in promising U.D.C. speakers the time of their lives during the "coming General Election."

A NOTICE TO THE DEAD.

REGISTRATION OFFICER'S GRUESOME BLUNDER.

The Parliamentary Electors Registration Office at Duck Street, Clitheroe, contains some clerk who must be as big a fool as any loose in the land just now. The sudden death and funeral of a Burnley woman was recounted in the local papers. The news must have been duly noted at the office in Clitheroe, for a printed "Notice as to Correction of Electors' Lists" was filled up by the said clerk in the name of the Registration Officer, and actually posted to the dead woman at her late address. The Notice is partly printed and partly filled in by writing, the written portion being compiled in the most extraordinary and outrageously inept terms. It addresses the deceased by her full name and proceeds with the printed words:—"Notice is hereby given that you are entered on the Electors Lists"—"I propose to erase your name from the Lists as I am informed you are dead" being added in handwriting. Then follows the printed words: "Unless you intimate . . . within seven clear days"—there again being written in the words, "that my information is incorrect, the course indicated above will be taken."

The stupidity of notifying a dead woman that he has heard of her death is a measure of the writer's incapacity for thought, but he caps even that enormity by inviting the deceased to let him know if he is incorrect. Besides being a specimen of unreasoning foolishness, the terms of the Notice are cruelly unfeeling, calculated to distress the bereaved husband to whom it was forwarded. That office in Duck Street, Clitheroe, sorely needs a strong blast of common sense and a dose of castigatory reprobation.

MANUFACTURING MADMEN.

GROSS INGRATITUDE TO SUFFERING SOLDIERS.

This is an affair which makes us very angry—not only because of what has been done, but because of the spirit in which it was done. Plainly, soldiers who have been used, and broken in the using, are thought fit only for the dust-bin. We have in mind the case of men who have been thrown temporarily off their mental balance by the strain and stress of the war. They are quite helpless; they are more absolutely disabled than a man who has lost his eyes or his limbs, and their affliction is so terrible that they merit our tender care more than any of the fighters who have been broken by the war. And there is this special spur to our obligation—that if we look after them well, if we put them in cheerful, bright, congenial surroundings, the black cloud may pass, and they may be their own men again. Thus, and only thus, may we pay part of our great debt.

But what do we actually do? It hardly bears thinking of. We put them in common asylums with hopeless, terrible lunatics all round them. In such a place small wonder if they are soon raving, too. This is a shameful crime, a black disgrace to our name. Here is a poor sister writing tearfully to us, and begging us to save her beloved brother from this hell before his chance of recovery is quite gone. She tells us that the statement made that these poor soldiers have a special ward apart from the civilian lunatics, is a lie. The only difference in treatment is—what do you think?—that they get a shave oftener and a better suit of clothes, and that 2s. 6d. weekly is set aside for them out of their miserable pension—the rest of which the asylum pockets! Meanwhile the ravings of the insane are round them, and their last chance of reason slips away. As we say, with sympathetic treatment, in bright surroundings, happily there is every prospect of recovery from shell-shock and such mental disturbances. But the heroes who are thus suffering, if left in the company of confirmed lunatics, will almost certainly become as they—it is a well-known fact that doctors and attendants at asylums have to be much away from their patients to avoid becoming unbalanced themselves

WHAT ABOUT

The Mandate or the Party?—The Alterna

By TH

I CAN quite understand the unanimity with which the Press appears to assume that, whatever the result of the General Election, Mr. Lloyd George will come back as Prime Minister. That view is possibly based upon the assumption that the election will not involve the formal abandonment of the Party truce, and that the present Government will simply ask for a mandate to prosecute the war to a victorious conclusion. The idea of any strong man coming out not only with a patriotic programme, but with a definite scheme of peace as well as of war, and asking for a mandate to impose such scheme upon the enemy—and at the same time pleading for the dismissal from office of the army of duds who at present enjoy it—does not appear to have entered into the calculations of our commentators. Remember, ninety-nine out of every hundred candidates will be out to "win the war"—the odd percentage of Pacifists and cranks doesn't count; they in any case will go under, and Parliament will know them no more. But mere platitudes will not do. The policy of Britain was expressed by Mr. Asquith when, as Prime Minister, he made that historic declaration at the Guildhall. No doubt his language was a little stilted, with a Balliol flavour about it—but, put into simple words, it meant that we entered this war for the purpose—and will not sheathe the sword till we have attained it—of crushing German militarism for all time. It is true that twelve months later Mr. Asquith took it for granted that when the war is over Germany will still have "a powerful fleet at her disposal"—but then, you see, he is a dialectician, and would probably retort that "militarism" did not include naval power! It is, however, perfectly obvious that if Germany were left with her present fleet intact, then—whatever may happen to her army—she would still be a power for mischief on the high seas. What we now have to do is to explain exactly what we mean by all these fine phrases. The time for generalising has gone. "We are not out to destroy the German nation" is a formula which will "cut no ice" at the election. We *are* out to destroy the German Empire as it at present exists—and that means the annihilation of Germany itself. I know I shall be told that it will be necessary to carry America with us—but I am sanguine enough to hope that, whatever be the scruples and hesitations of President Wilson, the Allied position will be sufficiently strong and assured by the time the election comes round to make it possible for Britain to speak her mind without ambiguity or trimming.

The Mandate.

What, then, is the exact mandate for which Mr. Lloyd George will ask? Is he prepared to say that his policy is to fight on until we have Germany on her knees, pleading for mercy? Is he prepared to say that when that time comes, Germany must be made to reimburse the Allies the whole cost of the war, even though that means the mortgaging of all her resources for a generation to come? Is he prepared to say that the surrender of her fleet must be an indispensable condition of peace? Is he prepared to say that in no circumstances whatever will we restore those colonies which, as I have so often pointed out, would mean submarine bases—the nucleus of fresh trade routes, and the raising of millions of coloured soldiers for Germany's benefit? Is he prepared to say that the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs must go the same way as the Romanoffs, and that under no conditions will we discuss peace terms with *them?* Is he prepared to say that every U-boat Commander or German army officer who can be proved to have been responsible for the dastardly crimes of the past few years shall be tried for murder by an international tribunal of the Allies?—We are permitted at last to know the names of those who have already met a just doom; but there is that list of scoundrels still "wanted," and there are many more. We must have the lot.—Is he prepared to say that the German Empire must be split up into the small States of which it consisted prior to 1870—each with a Prince or President approved by the Allies, and responsible to them for the good government of his subjects? Is he prepared to say that, pending the carrying out of such terms of peace, no German-born person and no child of a German-born person shall be entitled to trade or carry on any business in this country, or to occupy any post in any Government or other Public Department? If he is, then beyond doubt he will have the whole nation with him, and none will be a more enthusiastic supporter than myself. But I doubt whether he will say anything of the kind—nor would any other politician of the old school. Taking advantage of the "flowing tide" of war, he will seek a blank cheque upon the confidence and patriotism of the nation—as though to say, "See how well we are winning; now leave us to finish it." But that will not do. We had some of it in 1890, you may remember—when, under the pretext of being elected for the sole purpose of putting the finishing touches to the Boer War, Mr. Balfour and his friends obtained a long lease of office, which they proceeded to use for the furtherance of their Party aims. And that is why I am far from certain that the new electorate will subscribe to the doctrine that all they have to do is to send back Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues. But assuming that they take the view—which is, of course, possible—that in all the circumstances it is undesirable to "swop horses whilst crossing the stream," and that it is best to leave the finishing of the job to the one man who, amongst all the politicians, has shown any real grasp of the situation, or has given any adequate expression to the spirit of the People, are you quite sure that, even then, the present Premier will find his course clear when he meets the new House of Commons? You see, I know that place—and I know the working of the parliamentary machine. There has been a lot of humbug about this Party truce business. Most of our Ministers are men who, realising that they had no earthly chance of holding office by any other means, willingly enrolled themselves under the Lloyd George banner. But they have always kept an eye on the chance of getting back to their old Party associations. And then there is Mr. Asquith and his friends to be considered. Don't make the mistake of ignoring the ex-Premier. He is far and away the most astute parliamentarian of the day—just as Lloyd George is the most astute political tactician. And remember, too, that the position of Mr. Bonar Law, as late leader of the Unionist Party, is one of considerable embarrassment to both himself and his friends—whilst, lurking behind them all is the subtle and sinister figure of Mr. Balfour. And then there will be the Irish element—consisting, probably, of a strong body of Ulstermen, under the shrewd guidance of Sir Edward Carson, a few dozen Nationalists, and a group of irreconcilable Sinn Feiners. And the task of the Prime Minister will be to secure from this heterogeneous and motley crowd such a sure working majority as will make him independent of Party considerations, and leave him free to carry out, in Parliament, the mandate of the Polls. I do not envy him his job. Still, he has a way with him, and for a time, at any rate, he may succeed in forming and holding a Government together. But his position will be precarious—and the slightest parliamentary accident may upset it. And that is why we must look ahead—unless, indeed, we are to revert to the sham and make-believe of the corrupt old Party System, which we had hoped the war had put an end to for ever.

The Alternative.

Now suppose, as I say, some very strong man—possessing the confidence of the public, and having its ear—were to come out on some such lines as I have indicated—insisting that the only place to discuss and settle the terms of peace is "Berlin or Potsdam"—and were to run candidates pledged to such a policy—can you doubt that the people would rally to his banner? And if they did, what would happen? All the orthodox, conventional politicians would find themselves brushed aside, and the King would have no alternative but to send for that man and invite him to form a Government. Could it be done? Of course it could. It would not be a Government of arm-chair philosophers, theorists, Oxford dons, political economists, and other dull dogs. It would be a Government of broad-minded, level-headed, experienced men of the world, who would not be spoofed by Germany or any other

THIS CHRISTMAS?

...ve—To Berlin, By Tank!—The New House.

...DITOR.

country, and who would apply to the business of the nation the same principles as those which have guided them in their own affairs. I have not concealed my suspicions that the present Prime Minister has more than once sought to discredit the idea of a Business Government by inviting the obviously wrong men to fill certain posts. But, however that may be, who shall deny that even his incursions in this realm have been attended by wonderful success? Who was it saved the nation from hunger and revolution—and perhaps something worse? It was Lord Rhondda, keenest and most shrewd of business men. If Lord Devonport had previously failed, that simply illustrates my argument. You must have the right man in the right place. And who will deny that, having regard to the circumstances of the times, the experiment of putting a business man at the head of the Board of Trade has been a success? And look at what Sir Eric Geddes has done with the Navy—although not a sailor. And the same with his brother at the Ministry of National Service. And, in this connection, does not the name of Joseph Chamberlain instinctively come to your mind? If only his fiscal warnings had been heeded, where would Germany's "peaceful penetration" have been? And so I could continue; but my point is that all these considerations are not likely to escape the attention of the voters when the General Election comes round. And the question is—Is the present Prime Minister big enough to grapple with them and satisfy the public conscience? Given the existing parliamentary system, I repeat what I have often said—that I do not know where to look for his successor; but will the system survive? Personally, I doubt that it will. We are a forgiving people, but when it comes to paying in the blood of our best and dearest for the follies and blunders of our legislators in the past, we are inclined to look around and ask whether better men and methods cannot be found. And that is why I ask the question—Who will be the next Prime Minister? Of course, as I have said, during the inevitable transition stage of political evolution, Mr. Lloyd George may "come back"—in which case it will be the duty of every one of us to help him, as far as possible, in his task. But if he does, his reign may be short—as well as precarious. And there is the great work of national and imperial reconstruction to be faced—and I do not hesitate to say that that is a job, not for a professional politician, trained in the narrow and conventional atmosphere of Law and Party Politics; it is a big job, for a big man; or, it may well be, for more than one big man. And don't tell me that we shall not find them. If we don't, then I am convinced that the hour has struck; that we have reached the climax of an era of mediocrity; that we have shot our bolt—and that, like the dead empires of the past, we have arrived at the stage when, instead of "*Civis Britannicus Sum*" being emblazoned before the world, we shall have to write the terrible message of old—"Ichabod"; our glory hath departed! But I am certain we have *not* reached that stage. On the contrary, I believe—as I wrote in the first week of the war—that, despite all our blunders and muddles and mistakes, we are to-day witnessing the "Dawn of Britain's Greatest Glory." And the Hour will bring forth the Man.

To Berlin—By Tank!

It *has* brought him forth at the Front, hasn't it? We are still rubbing our eyes at the thrilling chapters of news from the battle-field—and some of us know that they are nothing compared with what is coming as soon as Foch is satisfied that the time for the final blow has arrived. It may be—I do not profess to know—that before that great blow is struck, there will be a desperate effort by the enemy to stem the tide of disaster which is overtaking him. And we *may* see another of those strategic steps which, in the guise of a general withdrawal, lured the Germans to their doom. But we all breathe freely now. We know it is all right—that Paris and Calais are safe—and that the danger has been suddenly transferred to the Rhine and Berlin. "To Berlin!" has once more become the cry—and this time the German people are beginning to hear it. And they are already picturing the arrival of the Allies—by Tank! Believe me, they don't like those Tanks—which are no respecters of either persons or places. On and on they go—crushing, trampling, annihilating everything in their way; and I should like to see a thousand of them acting as advance guard in the march of the Allies on Berlin—of course, after all the intervening German towns and villages had been blown away. Yes; I am all for war now, in its fullest and grimmest sense. Four years ago, I hated the word—and so did you; but now, like Mr. Lloyd George, I am in a bloodthirsty mood—and I am after the Hun. He must take his own medicine. There must be no listening to peace overtures as soon as we get him over the Rhine. And, in this connection, I am disgusted at that milk-and-water Resolution of the Labour Congress; not that it binds anybody—for the Block Vote, as I have often pointed out, is the biggest fraud in the world. But it is apt to mislead our Allies, and to encourage the Germans, who are fondly hugging the delusion that the end of the war will leave them with their country intact and practically unscathed. Oh, dear, no—Mr. Labour Man. If you doubt me, take a direct vote of the members of your Unions on the straight question of the Terms, and the Time, of Peace. Yes, my friends, "To Berlin!" is the cry—and, if necessary, to Berlin by Tank. A fantastic idea, no doubt—but not more wonderful than some of the things we have already done. Indeed, if you could know many of those things which the Government, in its wisdom, keeps from you, you would never cease to marvel—first of all, at wonderful France, and, only to a slightly less degree, at the innate martial genius of our own race. Consider how long we have been kept in the dark about those U-boat sinkings. What earthly good has resulted from concealing the truth from the public? I remember the enthusiasm which I evoked at a great meeting when I told the audience that the *Lusitania* murderer had gone to his doom. And I was warned to be "more careful"! Well, now let us have the rest of the story. The Prime Minister knows what I mean.

What About This Christmas?

And now, dear reader, if you will allow me, I want to get something off my chest. About this time last year, speaking "from information received"—I hinted at "Peace by Christmas." Then came the Russian collapse, releasing over a million German soldiers for the Western front—and the withdrawal of a huge number of our own men from that front to help the Italians in their trouble. And something else happened—which I am not at liberty to-day to talk about. But Christmas is coming again—and, well here goes, what about Peace by Christmas, once more? At any rate, it *cannot* do any harm to think about it—and it *must* annoy and dishearten the Hun! So let us all keep saying it. It isn't against D.O.R.A.—and, as Official Optimist to the British Empire, I hereby ordain it as my Will and Pleasure. Consider what we have accomplished in a few weeks. And we have nearly four months yet till Christmas—with the great American Army—which hasn't really started, so far—growing and growing every day. And guns and shells are pouring in—and ten thousand aeroplanes will soon darken the sky, manned by the most intrepid and daring warriors the world has ever known. Poor Kaiser! He little dreamt what he was taking on when he threw down the gauntlet to the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races! But now he must go through it—right to the bitter end. That is the solemn and settled determination of Democracy all the world over. No compromise, no negotiation, no forgiving—ruthless, relentless war to the knife, till the enemy lies prostrate, bleeding and beaten. That is what our sons and brothers have died for; that is what, from realms we cannot penetrate, they are watching and waiting for us to do. Shall we betray them? God forbid! May the day on which we celebrate the birth of the World's Deliverer see the birth of that new era which only the annihilation of the Teuton Monster can make possible—when the war drum shall beat no longer, and the battle flag be furled—in the Parliament of Man; the Federation of the World.

CAUGHT ON OUR NEW WIRELESS 'PHONE.

THE KAISER AND HINDENBURG.

Ting-ting-ting!

Ring up Great General Headquarters instantly, I cannot put you on without authority.

Donner! I *am* authority! It is the All Highest speaking.

How am I to know that? Tell someone to come to the 'phone who will speak for you.

Speak for me? For me? By the German God, you shall suffer for this insult. *Lese majesty!* Do you not *tr-r-remble* when you hear my voice? *That* should convince you.

Pardon, All Highest. I recognise your Majesty now. Instantly you mentioned the German God I knew it was you. Hold the line a moment. . . .

Blitzen! I am treated with scant courtesy these days! Can it mean that my power, my hold on the people is being undermined; can it be that I am—

Through!

Fiend take the girl! How she made me start! My nerves of late are. . . .

Are you there?

Yes, yes! I have been here some time. Is that Hindenburg speaking?

Yes. Who are you?

Who am *I*? Do you dare to suggest that you are unaware that I am the All Highest, the War Lord, German Emperor and King of Prussia?

Oh, I know *how*, of course. What is it?

"What is it?" (*screaming*). You know very well what it is. I want an explanation. You cannot fob me off with your official reports about retiring from one important point after another "according to plan," and your absurd statements that our troops withdrew to their new line "unnoticed by the enemy." I want to know what it means. I command you to tell me the truth."

The truth is, your Majesty, that we are being licked.

You, my Commander-in-Chief, tell me *that*? What about your boasted Hindenburg line, which was claimed to be impregnable?

It is cracked, your Majesty.

Sacred Fritz! And what about the Queant-Drocourt switch line, which, it was said, not even a legion of devils from Hell could break?

The Canadians have busted it, sire.

Hindenburg, I never liked you. Never. From the day when, in our Grand Manœuvres, you had the impudence and audacity to defeat my strategy and virtually captured me and my staff, I have detested you. I would never have dragged you again out of the well-merited obscurity into which you had sunk when the war broke out, had I not been overruled by the clamour of the mob, who, like a flock of frightened Strassburg geese, shrieked for "Hindenburg!" Had I been true to my instincts, I would never have permitted Kolossal wooden statues to be erected in your honour. Oh, if I had only myself exercised the chief command from the first!

The war would have been over long ere this, sire.

I know it would. Victory would have followed my troops. . . .

You mean "chased" them, sire—back to Germany.

Another insult! I have no heart to continue this conversation. I command you to ring off. The *rat!*

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY SKETCH";—

"The trade unionists would like to shift the incubus of the intellectuals . . . but they have SWALLOWED the new Labour Party constitution and CANNOT VERY WELL GET OUT OF IT."

"SOUTH WALES DAILY POST" (advertisement);—

"Lost, Lady's PANORAMA Hat."

"IDEAS":—

"I wrote out a telegram to Gerald. . . . 'That will be NINEPENCE,' the boy said. . . . I slipped up the staircase to my room, and, finding my purse, extracted the precious SIXPENCE."

"ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS":—

"The Ford Factory makes eighteen hundred of these cylinders a day. . . . But EIGHTEEN HUNDRED CYLINDERS PER DAY means ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT THOUSAND CYLINDERS PER WEEK."

AUGUSTA J. EVANS WILSON (in *Buelah*):—

"Her HEART SANK HEAVILY ON THE VELVET CUSHION, beside the cold face of her dead darling."

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—

"Hairdressing.—Good MAN, MALE OR FEMALE, or Apprentice Wanted."

"TIT-BITS":—

"Frank . . . spoke ALOUD in a HUSHED TONE."

"EVENING NEWS":—

"An executive of men is responsible for the farm, and a NEIGHING farmer is overseer."

"NORTHERN ECHO" (advertisement):—

"—— ——, Undertaker and Carriage Proprietor . . . MOTOR HEARSE FOR REMOVALS."

PELMANISM AND THE SILVER BADGE.

By GEORGE HENRY.

If it were within my power I would so order it that every Silver Badge issued to a discharged soldier would be accompanied by a free enrolment for a course of Pelmanism.

For Pelmanism is of the greatest import to the discharged soldier, and I am putting my views in regard to it upon record because I believe that the lessons to be learned from my own case may be of some service to many thousands of my comrades in the great Brotherhood of the Silver Badge.

It is just a year since the day when I cast aside khaki, consigned my tin of "Soldier's Friend" to oblivion and feverishly arrayed myself in the most flamboyant clothes that my tailor and hosier could provide. . . .

In my pre-war days I had gained a comfortable income in the practice of my profession. My mind had enjoyed ample exercise and was always (if I may be forgiven the simile) at "concert pitch." And so I thought that, with a world teeming with new topics, ideas, and ideals, I could not fail to produce of my best, and rebuild my shattered fortunes.

I took a holiday, and, returning, came to my desk filled with a resolve to work as never I had worked before.

It was just there that I came down to earth, and the bubbles of my childlike faith bespattered themselves on the stones of reality.

One morning of fruitless, futile scribbling showed me that nearly three years' service as a soldier had had its inevitable effect on my mental processes.

That nimble wit I had been so proud to possess positively would not be stimulated; that ability to analyse a subject and classify its components that had made my previous work clear and forceful had fled; that ease in the choice of the right word that had made work a recreation had taken a fancy for aviation and winged away.

And it was not just a matter of mood, for this inability to work persisted. In a week or two there came the realisation that it was a chronic state. The reason was not far to seek. For nearly three years my every day's activities had been planned ahead for me. Almost my every action had been governed by the decisions of my superior officers. Day and night, week in, week out, I had, and rightly so, surrendered myself to the mechanical will of the military machine. My thinking had been done for me. I had no reason to think for myself. Indeed, I soon learned that "thinking for oneself" was a short path to the pleasures of "pack drill."

All of which resulted in a brain lying fallow. Its functions had not been properly exercised—it was a great obese brain, over-fed with facts and impressions, suffering from a species of mental indigestion, torpid and unresponsive to my will.

I had, indeed, come to a pretty pass! It was necessary for me to earn at least double as much as in pre-war days merely to provide the bread and butter of respectability. How was I to make provision for this with my mind rusted, faculties blunted, and thinking-power to a great extent atrophied by disuse?

Obsessed by this sort of query, little wonder that that sneaking little traitor, the Imp of Introspection, came upon the scene. I gave way to depression and doubt, and feared for my future. I began to think that I was going to be one of life's "wash-outs," and in the light of later learning, I really think I did for a time belong to that peculiar species of humanity—until Pelmanism came to me!

Until Pelmanism came to me—by the prosaic path of a daily paper announcement, and the subsequent clipping of a coupon. Many thousands of Silver Badge men have hesitated over that same coupon. I wish I could make them realise to the full the import of it. For Pelmanism gave me what it has given many a thousand men and women. It gave me courage first of all. The first "little Grey Book" refreshed and stung my mind into activity, just as a plunge into a cold bath reinvigorates a tired body.

And as "Grey Book" followed "Grey Book," and the fascinating exercises of Pelmanism unfolded their interest and charm, my mind began to bestir itself and throw off the shackles of its hibernation.

Pelmanism changed my whole outlook on life, gave me new interests, and made me THINK.

My mind began to function more speedily and easily. I found that I could collect my thoughts, concentrate on a subject, analyse and classify possibilities, and finally express myself without the hair-tearing and other temperamental performances which are popularly supposed to be the accompaniment of creative work.

So much for my personal experiences of Pelmanism. I have dealt with my own case at length because it is typical of thousands of others. I have lately had an opportunity of investigating the work of Pelmanism, and found that the register of the Pelman Institute teems with cases of students who, at their introduction to the Course, had suffered from the same mental "dry-rot" that was once my portion. I found, too, that among my brothers of the Silver Badge there is a great army of Pelmanists equipping itself for the stern struggle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war.

"Mind and Memory," in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated, together with a reprint of "Truth's" report on the Pelman Institute and its work, will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader of JOHN BULL *who addresses a postcard to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. All correspondence is confidential.*

Overseas addresses:—South Africa: Club Arcade, Durban. Australia: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne. Canada: 15, Toronto Street, Toronto.

(ADVT.)

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

A Hardship:—At Ridham Dock, Inland Water Battalion men do hard work in ships' holds for from ten to ...een hours a day, and seldom get a Sunday off. This form of white slavery does not commend itself to us.

A Two-Pip Grievance:—The subalterns at North Raglan Barracks, Plymouth, have to sleep two or three in a tent, and do not receive the field allowance to which they are entitled, because they have the use of a furnished mess. If the General is around that way, he might have a chat with the boys.

Woeful Waste:—We wonder how much of the taxpayers' money is thrown to the bow-wows through the system that keeps many thousands of discharged men for weeks in the service after they have been ordered to revert to civil life. The cost in pay, allowances, rations, and so on, is enormous—and the further loss to the labour market is equally serious.

Another Illusion:—From the first of this month, troops proceeding from France on leave were supposed to be entitled to a Permit to travel at half fare in the United Kingdom. Many of the units in the forward areas have not yet received it, with the result that soldiers home on furlough have to pay full fare. The Third Corps has particularly suffered.

Diddled Again:—Sergeants of the R.F.A., and other N.C.O.s acting as instructors, were granted an additional sixpence a day as extra-duty pay, but now an Army Council Instruction has been issued stopping this. Our breaches of contract with our men would sometimes make a Petticoat Lane sharper blush with shame if *he* were guilty of them.

Swift Work!:—The men of the 5th Eastern Aircraft Repair Depot are wakened by the bugle at 5.30 a.m. Half-an-hour later they are supposed to be in the dining-hall, having made up their beds, swept out, washed, shaved, and cleaned boots and buttons. The occupants of the outlying huts have quite a route march to the dining-hall, and it makes us wonder how the time-table is adhered to. In addition to this, the place is full of grievances in other directions.

We Want an Improvement:—At Thetford, Ripon, and other camps throughout the country, we find that there is a famine in cigarettes and matches—owing, we presume, to the carelessness or want of management on the part of the Navy and Army Canteen Board. At the former camp we further find that the men are ill-fed and often go hungry. A strange fact is that in the canteens there are shelves laden with tinned fish and meat, but these are not for sale!

Acknowledged with Thanks:—The day after our complaint concerning Netley Hospital was published, the grievance was remedied, and Part II. Orders are now exhibited on the Company notice board for the first time for two and a half years. We appreciate this improvement.

Were They Criminals?:—The other day, the G.O.C. at Belton Park inspected a draft of machine-gunners for the Front. He told them that he was proud of them, and sorry that they were going away. At 3 p.m. on the same day the draft was marched to huts, each of which was placed under the control of two sergeants. No man was allowed to leave his hut even for the purpose of saying good-bye to his friends, and while entraining the draft an order was issued forbidding singing. We agree with the boys who tell us that they consider their treatment "dammable."

A Lesson Lost:—That the troop-train tragedy has faded from the memory of the Indian authorities is suggested by the fact that our mail brings us a similar story from Agra. A battalion was crowded for the seventeen-hour journey into carriages supposed to be used only by natives—there being no room for the soldiers to lie down to sleep, whilst the heat was terrible. It is too bad that the "brass hats" should play hanky-panky in this manner with the health and lives of our fighting-men.

"JACK."

One More for Us:—We have received a numerously-signed letter from a certain Naval Base, thanking us for having induced the Admiralty to pay the much-deferred mine-money due to the sweepers. We are always glad to be of service, and congratulate the hard-worked men in question, who look into the jaws of death from the hour they leave port until they return.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Dockers Done Down:—Badgers who joined the Dockers' Union are, we find, denied work at the Liverpool Docks, the bosses evidently preferring to put on foreigners. The excuse is that discharged soldiers are not fit for the work—which, of course, is bunkum. We are sure Ben Tillett has but to know of this to get matters put right.

Our Badges:—It is rightly an offence against "Dora" for an unauthorised person to wear the silver badge. In going around from district to district we notice women—or shall we say "young ladies"?—wearing the proud token "for services rendered." Where are the police, or are the Regulations a dead letter?

Who Will Provide?:—A Badger tells us that he had to enter a sanatorium for treatment. Not being in a position to purchase the necessary clothing, he appealed to his local Pension-Committee, in Durham, for assistance. He was given a chit by the Clerk to the Committee, and on arriving at the address mentioned found that it was a pawnbroker's shop. He naturally refused to wear unredeemed pledges. This kind of thing should not be necessary.

Intimidation:—A discharged soldier got employment under the Minister of Pensions as an electrician—his old trade. Sent to Chilwell, on arrival he was asked whether he belonged to the Electrical Trade Union. He did not—having lived 30 miles distant from any branch—but was quite willing to join, and paid 2s. 6d. proposition fee. Next day he was told he must be a member of the Union for three months before the men would work with him, and he had to leave at a moment's notice. It is difficult fitly to describe such treatment.

Badgers Barred:—An Aliens Officer at Fishguard Harbour tendered his resignation. Two discharged soldiers applied for the position, a third candidate being a civilian of military age, and also of independent means. Need we say—having regard to what has happened in so many other parts of the country—that the civilian got the post? We are glad to note that the Local Government Board has been officially approached with a view to restricting appointments to discharged soldiers and sailors, and we hope that other Public Departments will also be appealed to on the subject.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Her Only Comfort:—A soldier's widow has one little girl, three years of age, who has been very near death with pneumonia. A lengthy doctor's bill was presented, which the mother could not pay out of her pension. She is not strong enough to work, and had no means of settling the account until she wrote us.

The Real Sufferers:—An appeal was placed before us on behalf of the children of a soldier who is under detention. He obtained special leave some time ago to visit a sick child, and overstayed his time. In consequence, his wife's allowance is reduced, though she cannot go out to work, as her children are little more than babies.

Little Feet Unshod:—The mother of five children under eight years of age finds it all her work to feed the healthy kiddies. She cannot add to her allowance by her earnings, as the baby needs constant attention. The children were about to go back to school after holiday, but three of them were in urgent need of boots. The problem of keeping the little ones' feet dry will be very urgent this winter.

Pitiable:—Leave for our Tommies is usually a joyous time, but in this case the poor fellow arrived home just a few days previous to his wife's death. She leaves five children, and the distracted father was at his wits' end as to how he should settle debts, etc.

No Surplus for Emergency:—A laddie, four years old, has to undergo an operation—entailing many expenses. His mother has exhausted all her savings, and has had to discontinue work until the child is better.

A Sickly Family:—The wife of a sailor has had a long term of anxiety owing to her three children being continually under the doctor. A heavy bill was outstanding, whilst the rent was much in arrear when she wrote to us.

Further Cases:—

Silver Badger, with weak heart, off work for a time. Has delicate wife.

Soldier's mother-in-law dying; in need of attention for which old age pension will not provide.

Sailor's wife has long doctor's bill to pay for herself and child.

Widow of soldier suffers from weak spine. Pension will not supply all her needs.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

H. J. V. (B.E.F.), 6d.; "Unlucky Patric," 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; S. W., 2s.; J. W. P. (Wellington), 6d.; F. N. B. (Port Elizabeth), 2s. 5d.; A. S. (Filey), £1; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; "A Promise," 2s. 6d.; C. B., £1; "Tank Driver 5273," 1s.; B. H. (Liscard), 2s. 6d.; R. T. A. (South Shields), 5s.; L. S. (Inverness-shire), 3s.; "A Discharged W.A.A.C.," 2s. 6d.; "In Thankfulness," 2s. 6d.; J. W. B. (Woolwich), £1 2s.; "5s. Winner M.," 6d.; "5s. Winner A.," 6d.; E. H. S. (Wandsworth), 5s.; "Peter's Mother," 2s. 6d.; "One of the Rogues," 2s.; Mrs. M. W. (Tollington Park), 2s.; "A Soldier's Mother," 7s.; "Supt. Engineer," 5s.; A. H. W. (E. 17), 4s.; "Marra and Dria," £2 10s.; T. C. C., £1; Mrs. T. (Holloway), 1s.; "O." (Newcastle), 4s. 2d.; "89," 3s.; Stoker G. C., 3s.; "Lilley," 3s. 6d.; L. C. (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; A. E. B. (Rhodesia), 7s.; G. W. M. (Howdon), 1s.; W. E. T. (Brixton), 3s.; A. A. B. (Manchester), 1s. 10½d.; H. E. W. (New Brighton), 2s. 6d.; J. L. K. (Folkestone), 7s. 1d.; R. G. (Northwich), 1s.; M. E. B. (Bristol), 2s.; Anon. (Devonport), 2s.; Mrs. J. D., 10s.; C. C., 1s. 8d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; C. W., 4s. 6d., Mrs. E. L., 10s.; "Merchant A. B.," 2s. 6d.; E. G., 15s.; E. W. G. (Fareham), 2s.; "N. B. G.," 5s.; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; W. B. (Thurstead), 3s.; "A Soldier's Mite," 6d.; A. W. T. (Belfast), 4s.; "Newtownards," 3s.; J. E., 6d.; J. E. B., 10s.; "Result of Children's Bazaar" (per W. A.), 10s.; "Jay," 3s.; E. D., 23 lire 35 fr.; J. C., 5s 7d.; R. L. R., 1s.; Anon (A.I.F.), 5 frs.; S. J. R., £1 1s.; W. A. R., 5s.; Mrs. A. E. P., 2s.; Cpl. T., 2s. 6d.; F. W., 1s.; "A Well-Wisher," 1s.; C. C., 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; H. S. (Beckenham), 2s. 6d.; Anonymous, 2s. 6d.; W. R. (Manchester), 5s.; "A Sailor's Mother," 5s.; "Dickie" (Dundee), 3s.; M. A. B., 1s.; "Optimist," 10s.; A. G. (Leyton), 5s.; V. E. G., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 11s. 6d.; A. J. R. (B.E.F.), 1s.; S. A. S., 6d.; "Fisherrow," 1s.; A. T., 4s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. T., 3s.

We have also received £5 each from Mr. D. T. Bennard and Mr. H. Walker, the winners of the first prizes in our 297th and 298th "Bullets" Competitions, respectively.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"THREE BLUE ONES."—"Afraid cannot oblige you by "organising a proper healthy peace stunt." The "stunts" of Marshal Foch are doing the trick quite nicely, thank you.

"ONE OF THE INDIAN ARMY."—You, wounded, travelling by rail to hospital, heard a lady say, "Oh, I don't want a sick soldier in here!" But why call her a lady? The feminine of dog seems more appropriate.

GR. F. J. F. (B.E.F.).—That was a silly article you cut from a certain journal, and we get others from the boys asking for our condemnation. But if we jumped on other papers they would say we were jealous. Don't let such articles worry you; we don't.

"JUST OUT OF KHAKI."—"I did not jump into khaki for the love of it, but to avenge my dead boy." We hope you were successful.

G. H. W. (Warrington).—Your objection to working with Hun prisoners is sound, but we don't like your proposal to put them into the pits. It would ease you, but how cruel to the miners!

"ANTI-PACIFIST" (East India Avenue).—"It is hoped these traitors will not be elected at the next General Election." Sir, we sit on the carpet of hope and smoke the pipe of expectation.

"BRONDESBURY."—According to you, the next people to go on strike will be the ratepayers. Let us hope not, for the sake of the poor collectors.

"GIRLS OF THE Q.M.A.A.C."—"What would the army do without cooks and waitresses?" Somebody said "an army marches on its stomach," so you girls are responsible for its march.

R. R. (Carnarvon).—Lord Kitchener was not forgotten in Egypt on the anniversary of his death. The Rev. H. G. Roberts spoke of him to the boys in Alexandria.

B. E. F. (France) is sarcastic about M.P.s recuperating their exhausted energies on the golf links. Well, their energies are exhausted all right. On the links they may putt in, but at the General Election lots will be put out.

"ANTI-HUN."—It is unfortunately too true that a certain section of the British Press is printing a lot of sloppy, sentimental gush anent the Czarina, apparently forgetting that woman's pro-German leanings and her notorious relatfons with the filthy monk, Rasputin.

G. H. D. (France).—"The Hun is crushed, but, as with all reptiles, many movements are observed before the blood runs cold." Our sentiments entirely. Shake!

"ANZAC" (Heart Hosp., Colchester).—"Had all our people been educated, Germany would never have got such a hold on us." Sir, your discernment has our admiration.

"AN AULD READER" (Glasgow).—"Ye get more by watching than praying." Mon, your advice, though a wee bit sacrilegious, is unco guid.

J. W. L. (Stafford).—Glad to hear you are "in accord with the general tone and spirit of our articles." Shows you've got a bit of sense, anyway.

H. C. (Handsworth).—Grocer, long out of starch, suddenly obtained supplies, and sold you "Mack's Double Starch, Made in Germany." Guess it is old stock, as Germany has no starch to sell, but it is like the grocer's impudence to foist Mack's Hun-muck on customers.

"TOTTENHAM."—30s. to 35s. a week to married men and fathers, warehousemen in a food store in Upper Thames Street, is not fair pay in th se times.

A. J. R. (Retford).—"The farmer's son is single, been in the Yeomanry, and can be seen shooting rabbits." He may be practising on the b'Hunnies, getting ready for higher game.

P. E. W. (Warrington).—Thanks for your delectable disquisition on the relation of fat to soap boiling. We squirm in the seat of the humble and meek.

D. M. (Stirling).—"If the miners will only do their part, there is coal for all." If the miners did more than they do, we should get more than we shall.

G. W. (Lydbrook).—"If they were to let the men get a little more money in abnormal or extra hard places, the country would get more coal." As it is, if miners do owt for nowt they do it for thersens.

"JANCS." (Southport).—W. Wood, the Birkdale coal-dealer, who so shamefully neglected his horse that one of its feet was a mass of maggots, was lightly let off with a £5 fine.

H. H. (Mesopotamia) sends us a guinea for the benefit of the poor Totnes girl dying of consumption, whose National Insurance allowance of 5s. a week was discontinued. Unfortunately, in the meantime, the girl has died, but "H.H.'s" kind donation has been forwarded to her uncle—in humble circumstances—who was called upon to pay the funeral expenses.

T. (Catterick).—"If a 'Wane' marries a soldier, she is transferred to another station." That regulation seems as wicked as wicked could be.

M. W. R. (Gateshead).—You should send a statement of your shabby treatment to the Minister of Munitions. As for this "triumphant journal," as you are good enough to call us, all we can do is to offer you our sympathy.

E. D'O. (Taunton) announces his willingness "to risk disfavour and give poor misguided Ireland one more chance." Irish papers, please copy.

"CONSTANT READER" (Egyptian Expeditionary Force).—Like your cheek to "presume we have made a slight error." If ever we do, the whole nation is up in arms about it.

F. S. (Luton).—Sorry to hear of your prolonged illness, but the good work you are doing for "Tommy" and "Jack" is perhaps as valuable as any more active service. Carry on.

SAPPER W. C. (Willesden, N.W.).—"It would interest your readers to know how I was treated at the War Office." That's where you make a mistake. They wouldn't wag an eyebrow.

L.-CPL. J. BREMNER, killed in France.—509792 R. Maryon, 1st Can. Inf. Works Batt., B.E.F., France, has one or two mementoes, found on the field, for the family.

"EDNA B."—"I am just writing to ask you how much a George IV. shilling would be worth now." We are just writing to say, if it's a good one, it would be worth a shilling.

G. W. S. (Grimsby).—We are well aware that several of the wealthiest of the insurance companies are not giving war bonuses to their agents, and have several times referred to the matter. But if the agents won't help themselves, how can we help them?

H. J. J. (Benwell).—". . . as to the red tape business carried on at Woolwich Royal Arsenal, I have a similar case of myself." Then may Heaven bless your 'appy 'ome.

"OFFICE CLEANER" (London).—"I wish some kind lady would take up the poor office cleaner and her meagre wages." So do we.

"ELFA" (Ramsgate).—"I have taken your JOHN BULL ever since it started. I frequently disagree with some of its contents, but——" So do we.

H. T. (Streatham).—If the wine merchant is a "rank" German, tell the Committee on Internment how "high" that rank is. They will smell him out.

E. A. P. (Liverpool).—The views of anonymous correspondents in other papers—even when advising ladies how to dodge the (proposed) Luxury Tax on their hats, or even on their nevermention-'ems—leave us cold.

"BEES" (Penrith).—"Tell me why the Government are so anxious for people to keep bees, and then when you want sugar to keep them alive through the winter you can't get it." Perhaps the Sugar Controller has a bee in his bonnet.

"ELSIE" (Woolwich).—Have had much pleasure in forwarding the 10s. to Messrs. Pearsons' Fresh Air Fund. Many thanks.

"LIFEBOATMAN," (St. Anne's-on-Sea).—We regret to have ignored any of your suggestions. Serve us right if you never made another.

SERGEANT F. H. G. (B.E.F., France).—Agreed that whoever is responsible for passport policy at the Foreign Office requires a vacuum cleaner for his top-storey.

"TUBAL CAIN."—So you think it is through Freemasonry we haven't yet won the war. Guess again, sonny.

W. S. (Dover).—"Why should Government dockyard apprentices be called up before the unskilled boys who have entered docks, yards, and depots to escape joining up?" Put it to Sir Auckland Geddes.

"GAYWOOD."—You "would like our opinion concerning the alleged flirtations of a certain girl"? Our opinion is that you are horribly jealous.

"HOLDFAST" (Lea Bridge Road).—"45 English girls were discharged and an Austrian woman kept on." Any Huns in the firm?

G. McL. (Sanquhar).—As Job saith, Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards. You seem to have a load on board. Good wishes for better days.

"PENSIONED SOLDIER, 81" (Tilbury).—"It appears all classes have been considered and additions given except in our case." Oh, no. We haven't got *our* war bonus yet.

"SOLDIERS' WIVES" (Forest Gate).—". . . We are treated like dirt. Why should teachers and dustmen and everybody else get bonus and we get no more?" But we are forcing the War Office's hands a bit.

"GAS AND BULLETS" (Woodford).—"Never mind, lovely woman will have her turn some day." She's been having her turn ever since she climbed up the tree of knowledge of good and evil and stole the apple.

W. J. S. (Kimbolton).—It is an astounding fact that until lately the Patent Office *did* accept applications for patents made by enemies, nominally through neutrals. We believe the shameful practice has now been stopped.

E. C. (Bradford).—". . . In fact, Bradford is more Germhun than English." We have heard many rumours to that effect, and believe some of them.

"AGNES" (Kettering).—If you wish to keep your copy of JOHN BULL intact, you are at liberty to submit your "Bullets" on plain paper.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Leighton Buzzard).—We have constantly protested against the refusal of certain property-owners to let houses to tenants with children. You must have been reading us in a bad light.

D. N. (Leytonstone).—"Will you accept my two latest?" Until we discovered you were a poetess, we feared you had mistaken us for a second Dr. Barnardo.

"BRITIAN."—We are whales for politeness, but your reference to "workladies" rather gets us. Wonder what the workgentlemen think of the term!

"RURAL" (Monmouthshire), says that a truly rural postwoman, "has to pay for her own boots and clothes, whereas a man doing similar work gets uniform and two pairs of boots a year." What a horrible row there would be if all the postwomen made a scream about it.

"ADMIRER" (Holmpton).—"We are extra men assisting the coastguards, and do not seem to be anybody's children." Why didn't you use the *nom-de-plume* of "Japhet"?

M. P. G. (London, E.C.).—"The Surveyor of Taxes has been an enormous trouble to me." We are afraid that gentleman is an "enormous trouble" to a great many people.

G. C. C. (Goole).—Thanks for information regarding the gentleman who was "removed through an article in our paper." Let's hope the operation was quite painless.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Our New Safety Model

As sold at 15/-

Price with 1 coupon 5/6

You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for 4/6 By Post 1d. extra

This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting at 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Sept. 14th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

THE PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a representative body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Are these diseases serious?

Yes. Unless promptly treated and cured, they may cause many grave illnesses, including paralysis, blindness and heart disease. Syphilis is one of the chief of the "killing" diseases.

How long is it before the Symptoms develop?

In the case of Syphilis, usually ten days to six weeks. In the case of Gonorrhœa, three days to ten days.

When the symptoms disappear, is the cure certain to be effective?

No. The disease may lie hidden for months or even years. No one should interrupt treatment *until pronounced cured and free from infection by the doctor.*

How long does Gonorrhœa last?

It may be three weeks or three years—or even a lifetime if neglected. Much depends upon prompt treatment and the conscientious carrying out of the doctor's orders.

How long does Syphilis last?

Any time from two years upwards before the patient can be finally cured. It can be dealt with effectually if *treated early*, but if it is neglected and reaches the later stages the disease affects the entire body.

Is it any use going for treatment if a risk has been taken and no symptoms appear?

Yes. If early treatment is given by the doctor within a few hours, it is overwhelmingly probable that the disease can be altogether prevented.

May one drink alcohol with Venereal Disease?

No. It frequently causes great pain and trouble and may lead to dangerous developments.

Is treatment free?

Yes, absolutely. Authorities are even allowed to pay train fares to hospitals.

Is treatment secret?

Yes. The doctor is bound to absolute secrecy. No one, whether man or woman, should be afraid to go. They will not be "given away," and doctors are good fellows and sympathetic. False shame is ridiculous in these matters. Only a fool hides the trouble.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write to the Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature or information.

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's Shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 26 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. After that practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute. Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business College, Room J, Skegness.

TRY FIRST LESSON

DEATH
TO ALL BODY VERMIN
MOSQUITOES GNATS
SANDFLIES &c.
Simply rub Parasitox on Skin and Seams of Clothing.
Non-Greasy Stick 1/- each.
All Chemists, or post free
HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.
PARASITOX
THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND PARA-SI-TOX

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!
WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?
Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years. CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM. Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

Become a GOOD PIANIST without constant "practising"

My System has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the system. No apparatus or specially written score. The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.

260 readers of "John Bull" took this course during 1917.

10 000 Successful Pupils
Send for my illustrated Book "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons, and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency. Apply for booklet to-day, *but do not* omit to state whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part wh-time cost and postage.

A. MACDONALD SMITH,
19, Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C.1
From Brain to Keyboard
There is only one "From Brain to Keyboard" System, the original one in every sense.

HE COULD NOT EAT.

He was tired and glad to sit down, for his work was of a kind to tax muscle and brain. There was good food waiting for him. Yet he turned from it with distaste. He did not care to eat.

This is no exceptional or uncommon story. The body needs food and has worked for it. Only the appetite is wanting. Yet if food is eaten it does little or no good. What is the reason?

The fault is with the digestion. In such cases the stomach is incapable of dealing with any but a small part of a meal, and Nature in her effort to prevent indigestion, takes away the appetite. As soon as you can digest your food you will be hungry enough.

What is wanted is a good supply of healthy, red blood—for blood is the food carrier from the stomach to the rest of the body. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people make blood and enrich and purify it. One of their earliest effects is an improvement in the appetite. The strength returns, the nerves are toned up and the general health becomes good.

Obtain Dr. Williams' pink pills from any dealer and begin a course now, but don't accept any worthless substitute.

FREE.—"What to Eat and How," a useful book for all whose digestion is faulty, will be sent free to you if you address a postcard to Offer Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

BIRD'S Custard greatly helps up the standard of nourishment at mealtimes.

Milk is universally known to be the most nutritious of natural foods. The important fact for Mothers to grasp in these days of rationed foods is that Bird's Custard makes an addition of 25% to the nutritive value of milk.

Nature's great teaching is that "as the food, so the strength."—Plenty of Bird's Custard is necessary for the children who play hard, and for grown-ups who work hard.

Bird's Custard is a fine fragrant powder which, when combined with milk, transforms it from a thin fluid to a creamy satisfying dish. This golden Custard is welcomed always by hungry children or tired workers.

Bird's Nutritious Custard

has maintained its peerless quality in war time. To-day it is still as dainty and delicious as of old!

C302

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.
You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

One of the Great Books of the World.

One of the most notable things in regard to books during the last few years has been the enormous increase in the demand for Natural History books.

People are just beginning to realise the immense pleasure which is open to all who study the Animal Kingdom.

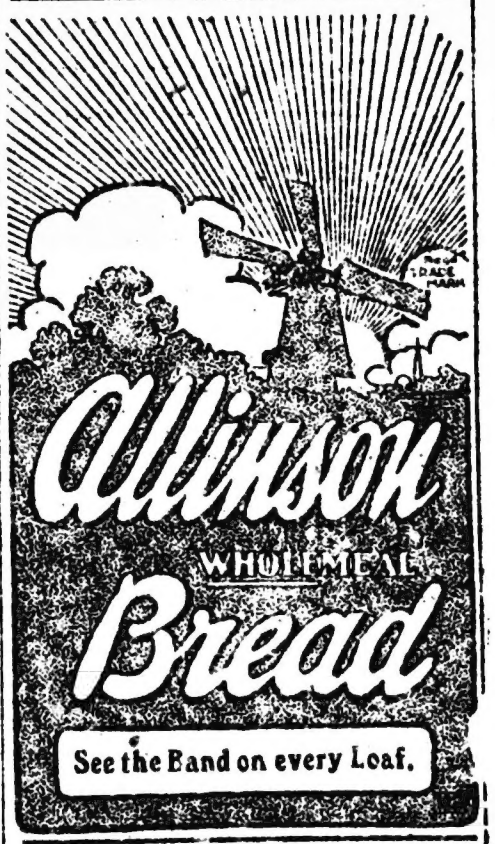
"THE LIVING ANIMALS OF THE WORLD" is one of the *great* books of the World. A very great feature is its Beautiful Illustrations. In the pages of "THE LIVING ANIMALS OF THE WORLD" photography is used on a scale never equalled in any previous publication. Without straining words it may be said that subjects photographed have been obtained from every part of the World, many of them from the most distant islands of the Southern Ocean, the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, the New Zealand hills, the Indian jungles, the South African veldt, and the rivers of British Columbia. Photographs of the swimming fish, of the flying bird, and of the leaping salmon are reproduced as accurately as those of the large carnivora or the giant ungulates. In accordance with the example now being set by the Museum of Natural History, the living breeds of domesticated animals also find a place.

THE BOOK AT A GLANCE.

It has Cost about £10,000; Over 1,200 Beautiful Illustrations; About 800 Large Pages; 25 Fine Coloured Plates; About 275,000 Words; Written by Eminent Naturalists; Translated into all the Leading Languages; A Standard and International Work; Printed throughout on the finest English Art Paper; In Two Handsome Volumes with full Gilt Edges; Beautifully Bound in Half Morocco Leather, Elaborately Blocked in Gold.

Send 6 penny stamps to cover postage, and we will send you FREE 40 Specimen Pages and 2 Coloured Plates printed on Art Paper and worth at least 1s.

THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., Ltd., (Dept. 164), 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.



See the Band on every Loaf.

FITZPATRICK
For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Free New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" **FREE.**
SAVES YOU MONEY.
Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES 7 days' free trial. TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard to FITZPATRICK, Dept. 52
BURNLEY.

DO YOU SOTOL?

The "Sotol Habit" ensures a clean Throat and Mouth, Sotol being a most congenial method of thoroughly disinfecting these vital passages and keeping them pure and sweet and germ-free. Indispensable to cleanly people. Delightful in use. Of chemists, 2/9 per 100, or post free, Western Dental Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 74, Wigmore Street, London, W.1. Samples 3d.

BULLETS

1ST PRIZE £200

2ND PRIZE £20

£10 3RD PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £2-10 | 10 PRIZES OF £1 | 25 PRIZES OF 10/- | 200 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1000 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the examples chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—NOT VERY LIKELY. Bullet:—LANDLADY FORGETS THE BILL. Example:—TOMMY'S DELIGHT. Bullet:—TEN DAYS' LEAVE. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated October 5th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 301.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG	WHAT BOTTOMLEY KNOWS	THE HINDENBURG LINE	THE BRITISH EMPIRE
SMASHING VICTORY	WINNING HIS WAY	RETIRING TO PLAN	TOMMY'S DELIGHT
WHAT GERMANY THINKS	OUR SAILORS	BULLETS	MAKES GERMANS FLY
DICTATING PEACE	RUBBING IT IN	OUR OFFICE BOY	ON LAST LEGS
ON THE RUN	AFTER A HOLIDAY	MAKING A HASH	NOT VERY LIKELY
GERMAN GAS	WAITING MAID	KEEPS MOTHER BUSY	A HOLY TERROR
WHEN BABY WAKES	OFF THE MAP	HOLDING FAST	SITTING HARD
SORRY HE SPOKE	BEST LEFT ALONE	EMBRACES A LOT	CONFOUNDING THE KAISER

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 19th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(301) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 19th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(301) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 301. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 302.

WHEN RETREATING	THE SPY PERIL	MAKES EVERYBODY GLAD	FLAPPER'S DRESS
THE GERMAN EMPIRE	TAKING WIFE	MUCH ADMIRED	IN A HURRY
TOMMY'S GAME	TREAT IN STORE	GOVERNMENT WORKS	COMING FAST
A GOOD JOB	FATHER'S HOBBY	GOOD AS GOLD	PASSING FANCY
LADY SPECIAL	UNHEARD OF	CANNON FODDER	THE KAISER DARE NOT

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **302** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets," **No. 302,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition **301.**

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 299 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal."
Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 299th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200.

Mrs. H. CLIFFORD, 93, Stuart Road, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.
Example:—ARMY ORDERS.
Bullet:—PLENTY "GOT OUT OF."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. GILLIAM PLANT, 533, Barton Lane, Barton-on-Irwell, Manchester.
Example:—TO BOMB BERLIN.
Bullet:—"OH, WHAT A TIME"!

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. W. BROOK, 9, Bright Street, Commercial Rd., N. Hull.
Example:—BAREFACED ROBBERY.
Bullet:—OF VICTORY—PACIFISTS' AMBITION.

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. T. NICHOLS, Outfitter, Marlow-on-Thames:
ARMY ORDERS—ONLY "ORDERS" GERMANY GETS.

Miss IVY WILLIAMS, 51, Queen Street, Smethwick:
HAND OVER FIST—THEN THEIR NAVY, PLEASE.

Mr. C. CAMERON, c.o. Dryson, Chemical Laboratory University, Glasgow:
TO BOMB BERLIN—WE WANT NO "MOONSHINE."

Mr. P. MAJOR, 69, Willow Vale, Shepherd's Bush, W.:
HAUNTS THE KAISER—WHAT—HE CANNOT "GRASP."

Mr. J. D. FORREST, 36, Galloway Rd., Waterloo, L'pool:
HAUNTS THE KAISER—RUSSIA'S CONTEMPT OF "COURT."

Mr. D. QUILLIAM, 33, Allen Road, Beckenham:
OLD CAT—ORDERED AEROPLANE FOR FOUR.

Mr. P. CLIFFORD, 200, Maxey Road, Woolwich, S.E.18.:
THE WRONG WAY—REFORMING OTHERS BEFORE YOURSELF.

Mrs. I. F. FOSTER, 3, Hardwick St., Weymouth:
THE WRONG WAY—PACIFISTS ARE "PUTTING THINGS."

Mr. J. TURNBULL, Novar Cott., Dundonald, Cardenden, Fifeshire:
OVERCHARGED—WITH BAYONET, GERMANS NEVER.

Miss A. E. WAY, The Shanty, Barton Street, Marychurch, Torquay:
HAUNTS THE KAISER—"SUPPOSING" ALLIES SHOULD WIN. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. D. MAINWARING, Cefneithin Schools, Cross Hands, Llanelly, S.W.:
THE WRONG WAY—GERMAN "FORCES" PACK BOW.

Pte. G. LYNES, H.Q. Sect., 1st Heavy Rep. Shop, B.E.F.:
VAIN DREAM—BUT SELDOM ACT.

Miss F. SYMONDS, 12, Lesbia Road, Clapton, E.5.:
WHEN FOCH STRIKES—RESULTS JUSTIFY "SUPREME COMMAND."

Mrs. S. E. HAIGH, 96, Castleford Rd., Normanton, Yorks:
BEGINNING TO TUMBLE—SO NEUTRALS SUBMIT ULTIMATUM. (Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss H. LISTER, 6, Elmfield Road, Huddersfield:
USELESS—SIMPLETONS THOUGHT BIG NAVY.

L.-Cpl. W. CORLEY, Technical School, Osterley Pk., Mdx.:
WITHOUT FEAR—TOMMY VIEWS LUXURY TAX.

Miss M. REYNARD, 16, Chaucer Place, Bradford:
SWEET STUFF—THE FAMILIAR "PEACE HUMBUG."

Mrs. H. A. ATTWOOD, 26, Owlstone Road, Newnham, Cambridge:
USELESS—ENEMY APPEALS TO "OUTSIDERS."

Sergt.-Major E. L. MILNES, Lynden Cottage, West Ham Park, Stratford, E.:
FINDING THE LADY—GOSSIPS—FOR THE PRINCE.

Mr. J. JACKSON, 115, Freer Road, Birchfields Birm'gh'm:
BEGINNING TO TUMBLE—PACIFIST DECLINES TO "STAND"

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Sep. 14, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

I,.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
Mr. Mrs., or Miss

Home address.....

Sep. 14, 1918 .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

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AT WHOLESALE PRICES

The largest stock of Fashionable FUR SETS & FUR COATS in London to choose from. Inspection cordially invited, or post a card for illustrated Catalogue.

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Comfort—Elegance—Durability.

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for Free Patterns and Prices.

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THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING LTD.

gives the Highest Standard of Training in

DRIVING, MECHANISM, and REPAIRS

for the Lowest Fees in England.

Call or write for full particulars:

The British School of Motoring, Coventry House, S. Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, W.

4/- 4/-

9ct. Gold .. 21/-, Silver .. 8/-
Gold Filled .. 4/-

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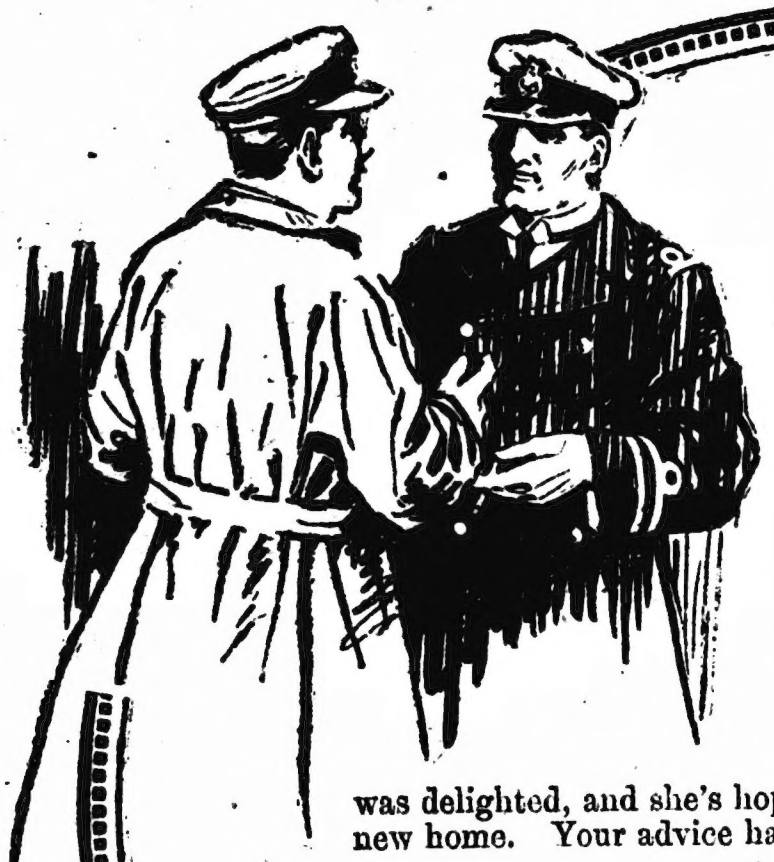
FOR WRENS or W.A.A.C.S. TOMMIES or JACKS.

HAND ENGRAVED with name and number and any Crest, complete with strap. These will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved.

SIMS & MAYER, (Dept. J.B.), Walter House, 52, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2.



"We went there yesterday

and we are very grateful indeed to you for your advice. We found everything exactly as you said. The furniture was really artistic and splendidly made, and the choice in both modern and antique styles seemed endless. The 'Midland' Salons are magnificently stocked at the present time, and each article is marked in plain figures, so you know just what you are spending. Olive was delighted, and she's hoping you will drop in next week and see our new home. Your advice has saved us pounds."

Money buys more at the "Midland"

Even in these days of "shortages" the "Midland" give you £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from. You will be simply astounded at the variety of choice. And when you've found exactly what you want, you get it at the bedrock, bargain price. If you prefer to pay cash, you secure 10% discount. If you desire to furnish out of income, "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your own convenience. You've the added advantage of *free* Fire and Air Raid Insurance; and not a single penny to pay for interest, for credit, or for any extras whatever.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Script.

A CHARMING DRAWING-ROOM SUITE, designed by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £30 and over.

Ideal Terms (Town or Country).		
Worth.		Per Mth.
£10	...	£0 5 6
£20	...	0 11 0
£30	...	0 16 6
£40	...	1 2 0
£50	...	1 7 6
£100	...	2 15 0
£200	...	5 10 0
£500	...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

WHAT IS THE CONDITION OF YOUR HAIR?

Test Free the Effects of Harlene "Hair-Drill" in Promoting Hair Health and Beauty.

Distribution of 1,000,000 Complete Trial Outfits Free To-day.

EVERY woman looks into the mirror, and there is every reason why she should, for Nature has given to woman the gift of beauty, and there are none who have received more of Nature's bounty than the "English Rose."

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's too, for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair-health and beauty free.

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to despatch to any reader a seven days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" outfit entirely free of charge.

TRY "HARLENE" FREE.

Two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" will quickly restore your hair to its best. If you are troubled with

SCURF AND DANDRUFF, OVER-GREASINESS OF THE SCALP, THIN OR BRITTLE HAIR, SPLITTING OR FALLING HAIR,

you should obtain at once a Free Trial Outfit. All you have to do is to cut out and post the Free "Gift Outfit" Coupon below, which is published for your convenience.

The Gift-Parcel contains:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and Tonic for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to these whose scalp is inclined to be dry.

4. The new "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions for this toilet exercise.

You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" (it occupies only two minutes a day), for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise

Does your hair fall out? Is it brittle, dry, over-greasy, weak, or lacking in lustre? There are hair-health defects which can be so easily and effectually overcome by "Harlene Hair-Drill." A short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make a wonderful difference in your personal appearance. It strengthens the hair, improves its condition, and is a remarkable aid to hair-dressing.

LETTERS OF PRAISE FROM ALL.

Thousands of letters in terms of unqualified approval have been received by the proprietors of "Harlene."

Famous Actresses, Cinema Queens, and especially women workers in the munition establishments, in factories and offices, who have been worried over the condition of their hair—all have been particularly pleased with the wonderful results obtained from the practice of "Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, too, find "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" Daily, and so preserve hair health and beauty.

You will always be able to obtain future supplies of "Harlene" from your local chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle (in solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d., with full directions as to use). "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and Cremex Shampoo Powders 1s. 1½d. per box of seven (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d. extra for postage direct from Edwards' Harlene Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" GIFT OUTFIT COUPON.

Detach and post to **EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.**

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin the coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.") JOHN BULL, 14.9.18

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

IT COSTS YOU £0 : 0 : 0

Our Clothes Renovation Service costs you nothing really, for your suits and overcoats last two or three times as long when you

SEND THEM TO THE BRITISH

and you always appear well groomed; trousers faultless; coats creaseless; no loose buttons or worn buttonholes; no spots or shabbiness. **We clean, attend to minor repairs, re-shape and press in best West-end-style for 7/6 per suit, overcoat, or ordinary uniform.** Yearly valet service at low charges. Write for particulars.

British Tailoring & Repairing Co.
34-38, Great College Street, London, N.W.1.
Telephones: North 2882, 2883.
Free collection and delivery anywhere within 10 miles of Charing Cross. Country and Army and Navy abroad use parcel post. We post back free.

PLAYER'S
Navy Cut Cigarettes
"BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING."

PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
IN TINS OF 100 - - - - 5/4
IN TINS OF 50 - - - - 2/8

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
IN CARD BOXES OF 100 - 4/3
IN CARD BOXES OF 50 - 2/2½

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to Wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

Terms and particulars on application to
JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Nottingham.
Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

The always available Meat Food

No difficulty in making meat dishes for every day's dinner if you use Ex-Ox, the economical food extract. Use it, too, as a between meals sustaining beverage—instead of tea—at home, at the works, or the office.

Ex-Ox
"The Strength of the Ox."

The Extra Ration

Try it to-day for all-the-family's dinner. Use it not only in soups, but in rissoles, fritters, "cutlets," etc. For Household use, and for Restaurants, Communal Kitchens, Canteens, etc., we strongly recommend the 1-lb. tins, which are particularly economical, containing 8 times the tubes' contents. *Sold in 1-lb. tins, 5/-; also in vest-pocket hygienic pure tin tubes at 1/-*

Grocers and Provision Dealers everywhere

Manufactured by THE EX-OX CO. ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL.

Changing Seasons

Leaves turning brown, evenings growing chilly—just warnings that it's time to change into rather heavier wool-wear.

Fulfil that necessity by wearing Jason under garments and enjoy the delightful soft cosiness of the Jason finish—so smooth a finish that the most sensitive skin is never irritated.

Ask to see Jason Autumn and Winter weights at your Draper's. All sizes and styles for men, women and children.

Jason
ALL-WOOL UNDERGARMENTS
UNDERWEAR
Jason Underwear Co., Leicester.

The new "Olympic" brand is a lower grade containing a percentage of cotton, bearing otherwise the same guarantee of quality as the regular lines. Your dealer will supply you. C/6

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